

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 14, No. 28. {The Shepard Publishing Co., Limited, Proprietors. Office—26 Adelaide Street West.}

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 20, 1901.

TERMS: { Single copies, 5c. For Annual (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 699

Things in General.

An example of the mendicant spirit which seems to have become an almost world-wide vice, is the appeal of Mrs. Louise S. Maxwell, wife of a British general, to the people of the United States for aid for the destitute Boer women and children of South Africa. The cause is, no doubt, an excellent one—none could be better. There are said to be 22,000 Dutch women and children on the hands of the military government in South Africa—many of whom have lost everything and everybody. But it seems to me the caring for these people should devolve wholly upon the British Empire. There is no doubt that the majority of people of the United States are bitterly hostile to our South African policy, and this being so, we open our case to additional criticism if we ask outsiders to come forward and support those whose destitution is the result of the war we are carrying on. If there is need in South Africa, the British Government should make provision for that need. If the colonies are the enthusiastic supporters of the Imperial cause they have wished the world to think, their Governments might even help Great Britain in so worthy a charity. But it is humiliating in the extreme to see the wife of a prominent English officer, merely because she was born in the United States, coming with an alms-box in her hands to the hypercritical Yankees and soliciting contributions for work that belongs to Britons, and that they must perform if they would not suffer in self-respect.

THE suggestion to purchase the Old Upper Canada College grounds from the Ontario Government for the purpose of a city square is a good one, but something better and more important is the creation of a square in front of the new City Hall. A golden opportunity will probably be lost forever if some steps are not taken at once to purchase the half block between Queen and Richmond streets and east of Bay street. At the present time there is only one valuable building on this property, but there is no telling how soon substantial businesses may establish themselves on so desirable a location. A City Hall square would afford pleasure to more people than a park on the Upper Canada site. It would be seen by every visitor to the city. It would set off the splendid municipal buildings as nothing else ever will. And it would redeem Toronto from the reproach of having no picturesque breathing-spaces near its center. No better memorial to Queen Victoria could be devised than a fine square named after her, and to be a perpetual delight to residents and visitors in the capital of Ontario.

Several worthy schemes are being discussed for beautifying Toronto, but they are all too big to handle. Take, for example, that of the Architectural Eighteen Club. Under this plan it is proposed to have an extensive system of park drives, starting from a central square containing an art museum, public library, and assembly hall worthy of the city. The rest of the idea is outlined as follows: "It was proposed also that the city should acquire the Humber river by expropriating 300 feet on each side of it as far north as Bloor street, and also acquire the tract between High Park and the Humber, to be improved for a residential suburb. The club has had under consideration the improvement of University street and Queen's avenue. On account of the Allan Manufacturing Co. and Nerlich warehouses, it is not thought feasible now to open through to the Union Station, but it was suggested that the Queen street entrance should be made more fitting so magnificent a driveway by taking in Osgoode Hall grounds and widening it on the west by an extension to Simcoe street. The property between the Avenue and Simcoe would become very valuable for apartment houses and club buildings facing on both thoroughfares. Many of these improvements might be made commercially profitable by the city expropriating adjacent property and reselling it, as had been done in other cities."

Manifestly such an elaborate proposal is in the category of castles in the air. If it is ever accomplished, it will not be in the day and generation of anyone now living. We might far better devote our attention and any spare cash we have for such purposes, to something practicable. If there is a better scheme for beautifying the city and commemorating the Queen, while also giving pleasure to the whole people, than the suggestion of a Victoria square in front of the City Hall, I have yet to hear of it.

Tis not surprising that the management of the Pan-American Fair should endeavor to get something for nothing, but the way the newspapers of Ontario are being played for suckers without apparently understanding the game, is truly astonishing. Practically all the money that the Fair directors of Fenian Buffalo are expending for publicity is being spent in the United States, because the Yankee publisher is too astute to pull anyone's cherries without getting paid full time. The methods pursued with the Canadian publisher are widely different. For six months past the Yankee press agency that supplies "plate" matter to scores of Canadian country weeklies through its Toronto branch, has been loading up the columns of nearly every local exchange that comes into this office with free puffs of the great Tin Pan. The Canadian editors who allow themselves to be worked in this way do not deserve to get anything for the space which is their stock in trade. It would be interesting to learn whether the Pan-American people have had a private settlement with the press agency referred to for its distinguished services along this line. Another scheme adopted is to send a sheet of editor's copy about the forthcoming big side show to every Canadian paper, weekly. This is expected to be used for its intrinsic interest, but as a rule the statements are such stuff as dreams are made of. If the Fair were spending any money with the papers addressed, something in the way of free readers on subjects of real interest might be expected. To think that Canadian editors are soft enough to print, absolutely gratis, the romances sent out by the Press Department of the Tin Pan, is to insult their intelligence, but unfortunately some of the brotherhood deserve the stigma.

TIME and again I have contended that the self-respecting and, in the end, economical way for this country to contribute to Imperial defence is not by sending regiments abroad, but by relieving the Mother Country as far as possible of local defence work in the way of protecting our coasts and garrisoning such points as Halifax and Esquimalt. The way in which the maintenance of the navy is commencing to be looked upon in England is indicated in the following editorial from a great British weekly. I do not think many Canadians can read these comments without feeling a twinge in their bumps of self-respect, if they have such things:

"Not many years ago we were assured that we could spend lavishly on the navy because we did not require, like Continental States, a huge Army. But now we are spending about as much on the army as on the navy—the total, exclusive of cost of the war in South Africa, being about £63,000,000 per annum. Why do we require so vast a navy? Because, as Mr. Robertson truly said, we are compelled to pay for the free naval defence of our great colonies.

Thus the poorest mill-girl who drinks tea is taxed for the benefit of the millionaire squatters of Australia and the millionaire lumbermen of Canada. Is the Government never to make the faintest suggestion to our great self-governing colonies, that they ought to contribute to the navy, instead of its being supported by the farthings of the poor and by the pounds of the rich of the United Kingdom? The demand for what practically is a war expenditure in times of peace is not new. The difference is that formerly this was ridiculed as a wild folly, whereas at present it is accepted as statecraft. Whenever it was urged by some irresponsible person in the days of Sir Robert Peel, he registered his protest against it, and the views of Sir Robert were those of Mr. Gladstone. We are in the position of a firm paying so high an insurance against risks that the premiums not only consume all the profits, but are entrenching on the capital."

ONE of the most obvious possibilities of wireless telegraphy has been overlooked by everyone. But the very mention of it is enough to show that Marconi may not be regarded by future generations as the unquestioned benefactor of the human race he has hitherto been held up as. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, and those who accompany them on the "Ophir," will be memorable, it is said, as being the first who have taken a long journey

ized under the laws of Hawaii prior to that date became citizens of the United States, and it is not competent for the department to inquire into their race or the circumstances under which they became citizens. He points out the fact that a similar provision was included in the bill creating a Government for Porto Rico, but was afterwards stricken out. There are some ten thousand Chinese on the Hawaiian Islands, none of whom can be prevented from coming to America now, for the safeguard of identification is weak. A similar danger from the Philippine Islands has by no means been averted. The natives of those islands have been accustomed to work for ten and twenty cents a day. If they are granted citizenship, nothing can prevent their coming to the United States in such numbers as to make the Chinese invasion of some years ago a comparatively insignificant matter.

FROM present appearances the census is not going to be a satisfactory one to all parties. It has already got into the arena of politics, and the accuracy of the final summing up, so far as one province is concerned, is certain to be questioned. Besides this, there appears to be a great deal of unforeseen difficulty and confusion in filling the very complicated schedules furnished to the enumerators, all of whom, practically, are new and untried men at this work. It seems to me that the main object of the

or two from now the English-speaking people of the Dominion will be a minority. Just at present the virile French-Canadian seems to be setting the pace for all other elements in our very conglomerate population.

No temperance reform is likely to be carried anywhere unless it appeals to the sense of moderate and occasional drinkers. It is astonishing that the professional agitators of teetotalism in Canada have not learned this. The temperance people of England learned it partially long ago and are learning it more fully all the time. In this connection the appearance of a new English monthly called the "Temperance Critic," which discusses the question from the standpoint of the moderate drinker, is worthy of mention. Its object is to induce the temperate users of intoxicants to exert their power in promoting reforms on reasonable and practical lines.

There was a medical discussion of drinking, the other day, at a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, whereat, according to the "Medical Record," some interesting statements were made. Dr. C. L. Dana said that a drunkard seldom lived more than fifteen years after his habit had become confirmed, and rarely outlived more than three thousand intoxications. The doctors discussed gold-cures. One of them, Dr. Starr, thought religion much more efficacious than medicine in reforming drunkards. Undoubtedly the will of the patient must be aroused by something, and that is often accomplished by religious influence. Gold-cures and medicine seem to have helped many drunkards to reform, but only when they have been supplemented by the patient's own will. In Gilbert Parker's novel, now running as a serial in "Harper's Magazine," there is an interesting ex-drunkard who has a packet of powders to fall back on at a pinch, but thus far has worked along without them. Many drunkards are cured and become abstainers. A great many men become suddenly aware that they are drinking too much, and stop before they become drunkards. Many others who have never been in danger turn abstemious, if not positively abstinent, for the betterment of their health. The prevalent temperance-reform notion that any use of alcoholic beverages leads commonly to excess and drunkenness is quite as mistaken as that other idea that there is no particular harm in alcohol so long as you don't drink enough to make you tipsy. The most useful work that can be done for the promotion of temperance would seem to be in the diffusion of knowledge about the effects and tendencies of alcoholic drinks, the intelligent regulation of the sale of such drinks, and such supervision of the manufacture of them as shall secure their purity. But the knowledge diffused must be sound and practical and not hysterical; and the regulation of the drink traffic should be reasonable and such as can be enforced.

I OBSERVE the Rev. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Presbyterian missions in the West, has brought to Canada a number of young men from the Old Country who are going to attempt the evangelization of the white and red heathen of the plains and mountains. Of course we are glad to welcome settlers to Canada, more particularly the washed and shorn variety that come with bibles in their hands and a few dollars in their pockets. It is to be hoped the young men Dr. Robertson has brought out will like Canada, and will stay here, marry here and raise large families. This they will doubtless do if they escape the harsher fate the tenderfoot frequently experiences in the unevangelized civilization of ranch or mine. I am doubtful of the propriety of sending to the Old Country either for funds or for workers for the mission fields of this country. There is no reason why we should advertise conditions that militate against the rapid settlement of the Dominion. There is ground for doubt, also, as to the ability of men to do effective religious work with people whose ways of life they are unfamiliar with. In this connection a good story, which is also a true one, may be repeated. An English parson fresh from the university, and who had a good deal of the wisdom of the serpent in him, had a farmer in his parish whom he could not get to church. Whenever he pressed upon him his neglect or his bad example, he was always met with the same excuse, "You be too young and do not know enough to teach such as I." At last he gave up the farmer in despair. But one day he happened to pass by the farm while his parishioner was engaged in killing a fine pig. My friend said, "What a pig! Why, he weighs thirty-four stone!" "What dost thou know of pigs?" replied the farmer. "I only wish he weighed as much." When they next met, the farmer, to his surprise, told the parson that the pig had been found to weigh just thirty-four stone, adding, "And thou wilt see me at church next Sunday, parson."

As usual the Controllers are struggling with the draft estimates and attempting to strike the tax rate when the year is one-third gone. This is not as it should be under the model administration Mayor Howland was to have given us. There is no reason why the estimates should not be passed and the rate struck in January or early in February. The reason that such a thing is never accomplished is that incredible indolence, incompetency and lack of business methods characterize the municipal government of this city. One-third of the year's expenditure is made before the appropriations of the departments are fixed. These appropriations should be made and the rate struck at the very outset of the year, and the departments should then be held down to their respective credits with a cast-iron rule. This is what the law contemplates. It is no wonder the tax-rate is never reduced while the present loose methods prevail.

M R. W. C. EDWARDS, M.P., puts the cities of Canada in point of desirability as places of residence in this order: Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, and Winnipeg. Asked by a Member from this city, "What about Toronto?" the Eastern lumberman replied hotly: "Before I would live in Toronto I would like to have its views enlarged and its bigotry lessened." This is the kind of sentiment Toronto inspires in a good many persons in other parts of the Dominion, and I am not so sure that this city does not deserve some small portion of its reputation for narrowness. But it is hard to conceive that any man, actually familiar with Toronto, should place this city as a desirable place to dwell, after any other Canadian city. Toronto is the most democratic center in Canada, except Winnipeg. The standard of comfort here for the average person is higher than elsewhere in Canada. Toronto is pre-eminently a city of homes, in the sense that more families here have their front lawn and their back garden and the whole of a house to themselves than in other cities of the same size. Toronto is a cleaner city than any of those mentioned by Mr. Edwards. It has more and better parks. As a summer town it is past comparison with any Canadian city. The lake trips, drives and bicycle runs out of Toronto are unequalled elsewhere in this country. Then, whatever may be said about bigotry and narrowness, Toronto is unquestionably a greater center of thought and of intellectual activity than any of its sister Canadian cities. The centralization of the pub-



Noble, Photographer, Toronto.

THE LEADER OF THE ONTARIO OPPOSITION.

From a Photo made during the Recent Session and Regarded as His Best.

at sea and have retained communication with the mainland by means of wireless telegraphy. A year or two from this the isolation of a big ship on its travels will be an uncommon occurrence, and probably every great passenger steamer, when at sea, will publish a morning paper containing the latest news from every continent. The latest prices on Change will be recorded, and the latest winners, and the passengers will be able to transact business as easily as if they were on land. Those who have hitherto taken a sea journey to get rest and to be separated from the busy world will no longer be able to accomplish that object in this particular manner. The prospect is not an alluring one.

THE United States is commencing to experience some of the difficulties that inevitably lie in the path of such kind of expansion as that country has launched upon. It is one thing to colonize barbarian countries, which has been the principal part of Great Britain's course of expansion, and quite another thing to incorporate lands thickly populated by alien peoples, as the United States has done in the case of all her island possessions.

There is going to be endless trouble in determining the rights of citizenship under the new status of the Stars and Stripes. Attention was recently called in the columns of a San Francisco paper to the case of two Chinese who had arrived there from Honolulu on shipboard, and claimed admittance to the country on the ground that they had been naturalized in Hawaii prior to the treaty of annexation, and under that treaty had become citizens of the United States, with all the rights and privileges that such citizenship involves. The collector of the port demurred to this interpretation and detained them until the authorities at Washington could be communicated with. The question was referred to Attorney-General Griggs, whose opinion has been received at San Francisco. The opinion is wholly in favor of the right of these Chinese, and of any other natives of China who were naturalized under the Republic of Hawaii, to travel about in the United States as freely as any other citizens may do. He holds that under the agreement of August 12, 1898, all persons born or natural-

Canadian census ought to be to ascertain the population of the several provinces. In trying to make the census cover a very wide range of matters a serious mistake is made. The information on many of the minor points is certain to be not even approximately correct, and therefore quite valueless. If we confined our efforts to getting at the number, age, sex and nationality of the inhabitants we should be doing all that is really necessary and practicable.

With regard to the charge that an attempt is being made to stuff the returns from Quebec so as to affect the representation of the other provinces in Parliament, the confidential circular issued to the French-Canadian commissioners was, to say the least, impolitic. No explanations that can be made will serve to entirely remove the impression that some sinister intention was at the back of this circular. The real point, however, is that the French population of the Dominion does not require to be "boosted up" by deceptive methods. The fecundity and virility of the French race in this country is one of the most astonishing phenomena of our time. At the time of the British conquest of Canada there was a French population here of 65,000. With very little fresh immigration from France, this handful of people has swelled into two millions in round numbers in Canada, and nearly a million in the United States or, roughly speaking, about three millions of descendants from the seed left here scarcely a century and a half ago. It is a legitimate question, what will these three millions amount to in another fifty years? The birthrate of Quebec is one of the highest in the world; that of Ontario one of the lowest. The population of the English-speaking provinces down by the sea is not likely to expand very greatly. New Ontario, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia will have a great influx of population in the next fifty years, but this influx, if judged by what has already taken place, will be very largely from continental Europe, and it will be a question how soon, if at all, these people can be assimilated to English speech and the British type of character. Unless immigration from England, Scotland and Ireland far exceeds in the future anything this country has experienced in the past, it may easily be that a generation

lishing interests of the Dominion here is one of the many facts that might be cited to prove that Toronto is the great nerve center of the Dominion. Such a centralization of the publishing trade would be absolutely impossible, it is maintained, anywhere else in Canada. Moreover, this city has more schools, colleges, libraries and similar agencies for disseminating knowledge than any of its sister cities. Even Montreal has not a public library worthy of the name, while Toronto has three great libraries, all more or less available to the whole people. These are points that make little difference, perhaps, to the wealthy, but they make a great deal of difference to the average family with average means. From the standpoint of the latter there can be no question as to which of the Canadian cities is the most desirable place of residence. Mr. Edwards is quite welcome to prefer Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and Winnipeg to Toronto. This town will doubtless survive his disapproval.

SATURDAY NIGHT" desires to make known a few facts regarding a young civil engineer who met with misfortune in the Yukon. While there and in good health he was exposed and under great nervous strain and destitution. He was for three months undiscovered and alone in the wilds. This resulted in a complete loss of his sight. He is a young man of sterling character and ability, and was the principal support of a widowed mother. If necessary assistance can be given him to secure specialist treatment, his sight may be restored. Some friends have already secured some liberal subscriptions, but not sufficient. A concert will be given in St. George's Hall on 25th April next for his benefit. From facts known to this paper, there is every guarantee of the worthiness of the unfortunate young man, and it is hoped that sufficient aid may be given to him. Subscriptions may be sent to W. B. Reid, 58 Yonge street, or to Mr. D. W. Livingstone, 124 Bay street.

IN NEXT WEEK'S "SATURDAY NIGHT":
"A Ghost Story or a Love Story, Which?"
"The Tale of a Prince Albert."
(Two humorous Canadian stories by Canadian writers.)
Remainder of the Review of the R.C.A. Exhibition.

Social and Personal.

CHE auction sale of boxes for the Military Tournament and Horse Show was held on Wednesday morning at the Publishers' Syndicate, and there was a large gathering of gentlemen with a sprinkling of ladies. The bidding was the briskest known in the history of the event, and higher prices than ever before were realized. For first choice the bidding started at \$50, and rose with \$10 raises to \$110, and Box 12 was knocked down to Mr. George W. Beardmore at this figure. Second choice sold for \$105, to Mr. E. S. Clouston of Montreal, and Box 11 was chosen. The third choice, Box 8, sold for \$100, to Mr. Walter Beardmore. The next two choices sold for \$80 each, and Messrs. William Mackenzie and Albert Nordheimer secured Boxes 7 and 6 respectively, and in short order every box was sold out, leaving no more box accommodation. The presence of the sailors, who are coming all the way from Bermuda to take part in the Tournament, and the large influx of visitors from out of town, has added greatly to the interest and appreciation of prices. The list of boxes and purchasers is as follows: 1. Major G. A. Peters; 2. Mr. G. A. Case; 3. Mr. E. B. Osler; 4. Mr. H. C. Cox; 5. Mr. Walter Barwick; 6. Mr. Albert Nordheimer; 7. Mr. William Mackenzie; 8. Mr. W. D. Beardmore; 9 and 10. Gubernatorial; 11. Mr. E. S. Clouston, Montreal; 12. Mr. George W. Beardmore; 13. Mr. Colin Campbell, Montreal; 14. Mr. T. H. Smallman and Dr. J. S. Niven, London; 15. The Premier; 16. The Ontario Cabinet; 17. Colonel Read of Kingston; 18. Major-General O'Grady-Haly; 19. Mrs. Fraser; 20. Distinguished visitors; 21. Dr. Andrew Smith; 22. Colonel Mason; 23. Mr. S. F. McKinnon; 24. Mrs. J. S. Johnston; 25. Mr. Edmund Bristol; 26. Mr. H. Wade; 27. Mr. H. C. Hammond; 28. Judges; 29. Mr. A. E. Gooderham; 30. Mr. Alfred Beardmore; 31. Mr. J. Kerr Osborne; 32. Mrs. Hebborn, New York; 33 and 34. Officers' Mess; 35. Mr. J. L. Campbell; 36. Mr. William Hendrie; 37. Senator Melvin-Jones; 38. Mr. George J. Cook; 39. Mr. T. G. Blackstock; 40. Mr. Welland Woodruff; 41. Mr. W. G. P. Cassels; 42. Mr. J. F. Macdonald; 43. Visitors; 44. Mr. W. C. Crowther; 45. Mr. W. Mulock; 46. Judges; 47. Mr. A. Nelson; 48. Mr. G. H. Hees; 49. Mr. T. C. Pattee; 50. Mrs. Sprague; 51. Colonel Sweny; 52. Mr. Adam Beck, London; 53. Mr. H. Blake; 54. Mr. G. H. Gooderham; 55. Mr. A. H. Campbell, Jr.; 56. Mr. Stewart Houston; 57. Visitors; 58. Mr. J. K. Kerr; 59. Mr. S. H. Janes; 60. Mrs. Nordheimer.

The report that the ex-G.O.C., Colonel Edward Hutton, is to be knighted, has pleased his Canadian friends, of whom so many are hereabouts. And who could more gracefully wear such a token of Imperial favor than his delightful wife, who by heredity and original charm is specially fitted to be called "my lady?"

Mrs. James Plummer has returned from Old Point Comfort. Colonel Read is to attend the Horse Show, and with him are expected Captain Eaton, lately returned from South Africa, Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie, Major Van Straubenzee, and Mr. J. B. Carruthers of Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Fox have taken a pretty flat over the new Bank of Commerce on the north-west corner of Bloor and Yonge streets. No. 2 Bloor street west, where Mrs. Fox will receive on next Monday and Monday week.

On Monday afternoon at half-past two o'clock was celebrated the marriage of M. Harry D. Gamble and Miss Edythe May Jarvis, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis. Though quite a party of guests were present, they were all relatives or connections, both the groom and bride being members of old and aristocratic houses with a wide connection, easily traceable to the old-timer or person well up in Toronto tradition. Miss Jarvis bore charmingly the stamp of that beauty which has nicknamed her people the handsome Jarvises. Tall, slight and fair, she was in her shimmering satin gown and tulip veil an ideal bride, and most appropriately her jewels, given by the groom, were lustrous pearls, and her flowers lily of the valley. Canon Cayley of St. George's, a cousin of the groom, was the officiating minister. Mr. Jarvis gave away the bride. Another beautiful girl, Miss Charlotte Jarvis, was her only attendant, all in violet, a gown of graceful crepe and a cape of violets with white plumes, and a sheaf of sunset roses. The best man was Mr. H. J. Scott, and Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Clarke Bowler, Major Jarvis of the N.W.M.P., Mr. Thomas Jarvis, now of New York, and Master Cyril Clarkson, were ushers. Major Jarvis was in uniform. Mrs. Arthur Jarvis wore black, relieved with white. Mrs. Willie Hope, formerly Miss Constance Jarvis, wore black, touched with jet and lightened with mauve. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope (Montreal), Mr. Clarke Gamble, Mr. and Miss Burke of Montreal (uncle and cousin of the bride), Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Miss May Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Hellmuth, Miss Hellmuth, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, and the Misses Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Miss Daisy Boulton, Miss Lizzie Boulton, Miss Nina Clarkson, Miss Hilda Clarkson, Miss Grace Boulton, and Miss

Amy Boulton. After the ceremony a reception and breakfast was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Glen Road, Rosedale. Mr. and Mrs. Gamble left by the 4:55 train for New York. On their return they will reside in Lowther avenue. The bride went away in a dark blue serge, tailor-made, with a double-breasted coat, embroidered with gold lace, over a white Duchesse satin blouse, and a smart travelling hat, trimmed with a combination of pink and blue Liberty silk ribbon.

Colonel and Mrs. Otter received a very large number of friends at a tea given by them in Barracks on Saturday afternoon, when a fine day and a strong friendship for the host and hostess combined to gather so many people about half-past five that the capacity of the mess-room needed to be relieved by cosy little circles formed in the corridor and the various masculine and military "dens" of the officers in residence. The greeting to their friends was given by the gallant Colonel and Mrs. Otter in a small parlor to the right of the entrance, and "sentries in scarlet" politely guided the guests to the proper doorway to find the host and hostess. Captain Nelles gave his quarters to the ladies as a cloak-room. In the tea-room, a very sunburst of a table (all golden yellow, with sashes of silk and bright daffodils, and lights glinting on the pretty silver things, some of which were the tribute from Toronto's women to Colonel Otter on his return from South Africa), was surrounded by a dense crowd of busy men, laughing women and girls, who tasted cool things daintily and approvingly, and appreciated the fresh air which came pleasantly through the open easement windows. Among the many prominent persons, I noticed Mrs. Mowat, Colonel Lessard, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Colonel Field, Colonel and Mrs. Smith, Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Swetman, Mrs. and Miss Emily Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Athol Boulton, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Small, Mrs. R. A. Harrison, Miss Harrison, Mr. and Miss Plummer, Mrs. and Miss Grace Peters, Miss Adelaide Boulton, Miss Beatrice Sullivan, Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the Misses Clark, Miss Helen Ley, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Armour, Mrs. and Miss Barker, Mr. and Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Cawthra, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Miss Temple, Mr. Reginald Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mrs. H. D. P. and Miss Armstrong, the Misses Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kerr, Mr. Stuart Wilkie, Mrs. and Miss Gran Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower, and Miss Macklem, Miss Howard, Mrs. David Macpherson, Mrs. George Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Major and Mrs. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Campbell; Mrs. Jack Massey and Miss Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Miss Miles.

Mrs. Moore of Oak Lawn preceded her parents to New York, leaving last Tuesday to spend a week with her son, Mr. Ellwood Moore, before sailing.

Mr. Anderson of the Equitable Life, and Mrs. Anderson, have given up their apartment in the Rossin House and have taken a house in Spencer avenue, Parkdale. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson came from Baltimore to Toronto, but are both native Canadians.

Mrs. Welland Woodruff of St. Catharines is to spend next week at the Queen's, and will be welcome at the Horse Show. Mrs. Woodruff will receive at the Queen's, and many friends will be glad to see her.

Mrs. Alan Sullivan arrived in Toronto on Wednesday and was welcomed with great joy by her family circle in St. George street, who have missed her sweet presence so sadly since December. Mrs. Sullivan's friends, one and all, are delighted to welcome her.

The marriage of Mr. Edward K. M. Wedd of Toronto and Miss Mattie Garvin of Brooklyn, N.Y., will take place in Brooklyn on Friday, April 26th.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Wellington to the Rev. Charles J. Sniffen, B.A., rector of Grace Episcopal church, Carthage, Mo., on Thursday, April 25th, only the immediate relatives of the family being invited.

Quite a number of city householders have grown into the custom of renting their houses furnished for the summer months. Southerners and sojourners from across the sea are generally the tenants, and find life vastly pleasant in Toronto for the summer. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duck have rented Dr. Cartmell's house for a year, and that the owners will board for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Crease have taken Mr. Armour's house in Huron street for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Hellwill is to be in pension at Miss Wallace's; so are Mrs. Rose and her family, their house in Queen's Park having been leased by Mr. Lockie of Parkdale, who, with his family, will come into town in May. Everyone who knows this very amiable and popular family will be glad to welcome them to the more central home.

The Euchre and Dancing Club will hold two meetings next week, several hostesses being yet on the list, waiting to entertain it. Owing to illness and the mourning for the late Queen, several of the mid-winter reunions of this jolly club were obliged to be postponed. On Tuesday, Miss Keefer will receive the club at her home in Simcoe street, and on Thursday Miss Foster is, I hear, to be the hostess.

Mrs. William Mackenzie of Benvenuto gave a reception yesterday afternoon in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie, who returned last week from their European wedding trip. These happy young folks received a hearty welcome, and quite superfluous good wishes from hosts of the fiances. Miss Mackenzie and Mr. Scott Griffin, also had many a merry good wish that they may emulate the good example of the bride and groom of last season.

The ladies' night given by the Clef Club at McConkey's last Monday was a very bright affair, the "piece de resistance" of the evening being the performance of Haydn's Toy Symphony by the grave and serious masters of music of our city. Mr. Torrington and Mr. Anger played cuckoos. Mr. Tandy and Mr. Sherlock sweet-warbling, water-loaded nightingales. Mr. Andersen and Mr. Hardy plaintive-voiced quails. Dr. Fisher, Mr. Vogt and Mr. McNaught blared gloriously on tin trumpets. Mr. Blakeley tapped a small and smartly-trimmed drum. Mr. Fairclough and Mr. Harrison had giddy triangles, and Mr. Cringan and Mr. Woyce swung rattles, like in sound unto elderly corn-crakes. Seated in front of this wondrous aggregation was a quintette of conventional performers, Mrs. and Miss Adamson, Miss Hayes, Miss Fulton, and Mr. Hahn, while Miss Birnie was at the piano. Dr. Hahn conducted with what gravity he could. The audience roared laughing, the cuckoos betrayed the temperament of their players in a sweetly naïf manner, the ardent and impulsive Torrington bird lifting just scrap ahead of its deliberate and dignified English mate. The Cringan rattle developed great technique, and turned a scornful taunt upon the Woyce machine, which had to be shut off in its wild career with both hands. The pretty triangle strung with bells chimed and tinkled in perfect time, and the audience rose unisonously and demanded an encore, which was given with great effect. The Toy Symphony is a great act, when the incongruousness of its performers is a feature, and I venture to say is easily the funniest thing its performers ever pre-

sented to the public. The audience was exceedingly smart, the ladies being in evening dress, and the scene (when the bright assembly took a very dainty supper before saying good-night to Dr. and Mrs. Ham, who acted as hosts for the club), was brilliant and animated. There was serious music on the programme before the Toy Symphony, but that last quite obliterated it from my memory.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Z. A. Lash gave a very jolly tea for her nieces, the Misses Miller of Winnipeg, at which a large number of young people and a few married folk assembled. A few of the guests were: Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Mrs. Ed. Bickford, Miss McGill, Miss Macdonald of Cona Lodge, Miss Kay, the Misses Vickers, Miss Mollie Plummer, Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis.

Mrs. Bruce Macdonald is detained in London by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Parfitt. Mrs. Riddell is with her invalid mother in Cobourg, and latest accounts, I am sorry to say, are not very good as to Mrs. Crossen's progress.

The High Park Golf Club's postponed dance was held in the Temple assembly room last Thursday, April 11th, and, unlike most postponed events, it did not lag, nor lack all the joyous "élan" of fresh and hearty enjoyment. The music was very good, the frocks very pretty, the maidens, as always, quite radiant, as good golf players should be, and the men in plenty and inclined for vigorous dancing. The lady patrons were out in good force, and of the success of the dance there was no question. A particularly pleasant feature was the dainty supper, which was very nicely served at small tables in the tea-room. A number of smart gowns were noticed. Mrs. Thompson Christie and her equally handsome sister, Miss Gertrude Johnson, one in flame red and the other in pink, were belles much in demand. Mrs. Willie Galbraith looked very pretty in a sparkling jetted frock. Miss Ethel Williams of Goderich was much admired in her debutante gown of white silk and a sheaf of white roses. The Misses Stewart, Miss Stewart in white and daffodil, and Miss Mildred in white and silver, were also great belles. Miss Lockie wore a very pretty white gown. Miss Aimee Buckner wore flame red; Miss White a white gown barred with black ribbon velvet. Some very charming Belvedale belles disputed the claims of the city girls to the first rank, and their dancing is really admirable. Space lacks to enumerate all the dainty chiffons of the bright young things, who each gave to the plainest little frock the crowning beauty of youth and grace.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Stewart, whose two fine daughters have received so much attention, gave a delightful dance in St. George's Hall. Mrs. Stewart, her sons and daughters, were, it goes without saying, all that hosts could be.

An always welcome visitor is Miss Hendrie of Holme-stead, Hamilton, who is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. J. D. Hay, at Strathearn.

Lady Davies, Mrs. Sifton, and a couple of young friends came down from Ottawa on Tuesday morning for a couple of days, and I fancy the date of their visit was owing to the Lanier recital, because Lady Davies' daughter, an inmate at that charming residence in St. George street, is an enthusiastic student of elocution, and interested in the Lanier cult so much talked of just now. Both ladies lunched and dined at Government House during their stay, but preferred to remain in their comfortable private car for a temporary home, as they spent a lot of time shopping and going about together. On Wednesday, I hear, they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thomson and Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who are having a pleasant little visit "en famille" at the Postmaster-General's home in Jarvis street, while the master and mistress are off to the antipodes. On Wednesday night or Thursday morning the ladies went, accompanied by Mrs. McDowell Thomson, to Niagara, and returned to Ottawa in the evening. Miss Davies and Miss Burbidge, and Hon. R. R. Dobell, were of Lady Davies' party from the Capital.

The closing concert of the Woman's Musical Club took place on Thursday evening at the Normal School, and was a most artistic event.

Last Friday there was a very smart turnout to the exhibition at the Art Gallery, and many compliments were paid the artists and the Hanging Committee on the successful exhibit. Many excellent pictures are shown, some old, some new. Mr. Reid's "Foreclosure," which hangs in the entrance hall, was the subject of curious reminiscent remarks by the visitors. It is a travelled canvas indeed; one saw it in San Francisco, another at the World's Fair, and reports are still coming in from chance visitors from every big city in the West. The portraits are fine. Mr. Reid, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. John King, in a Di Vernon suit, Miss Jetta Vickers, Mr. Forbes, Hon. Senator Allan, and many others look out indifferently on the critics. The private view assembly was brilliant, and the evening most enjoyable.

The New Ontario movement, of which Mr. D. F. Burk is one of the most active apostles, has an interest for others than capitalists developing the great timber and mineral resources which that greater part of the province possesses, and farmers filling up the many million arable acres within the boundaries of this land of promise. New Ontario is a perfect earthly paradise for the sportsman and summer tourist. From Rainy Lake, that loveliest of Ontario's inland waters—for the province has an extensive seaboard on Hudson's Bay—a country which Mackenzie and Mann's Canadian Northern Railway opens up, to Lake Nepigon, with its river that is reputed to be the finest trout stream in the world, and which that pleasingly named St. Joe Railway will make easily accessible, there is in the vast region north and west from Thunder Bay, with Port Arthur as its pivotal center, an interesting field for the pleasure-seeker as Canada comprises within her borders. The New Ontario exhibit and information bureau in charge of Mr. F. Howard Annes at the Rossin is the place to find out things about this attractive part of the province. Mr. Annes is so enthusiastic in his description of New Ontario's wealth of natural resources and scenic beauties that to listen to him is to long to go there. Amongst those seeking information at the New Ontario bureau at the Rossin are many Toronto ladies, as well as those visiting from different parts of the Dominion, and from foreign countries. A pretty souvenir that is much sought after by visitors is the much-admired picture of "A New Ontario Clover Blossom."

Nothing New.

Rejuvenescence by salt, a possibility which has been agitating the sensational press, is as old as the hills. That a man should live for ever by salting his inside is an attractive suggestion, though his drink bill would be considerable. But even in Babylon, in Nineveh, men who had done themselves too well overnight asked in the morning for salt fish, and found their cure in the eating.

There is probably not a waiter in any club between Hyde Park Corner and Charing Cross who has not applied the salt cure, remarks an English exchange, working by the pure light of experience. When a member comes in looking washed out, shivers at the sight of the menu, and calls for soda water, the waiter knows well enough what is the matter. Rejuvenescence is required. The man is run down, and the only suggestion he will accept is a kipper, a bloater, or something with salt in it; and his instinct is right.

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Social and Personal.

The many Torontonians who have been spending the time of east winds in the South are almost all returning home. The Grange is, I hear, again open to welcome its master and mistress and their niece, Miss Homer Dixon. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins have returned from Washington. Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson are also returning home. I hear that Mrs. George Hodgins (née Patterson) of New York, who was one of Toronto's sweetest young girls a few years ago, will return with the bride and groom on a visit to Elmsley Place, where her mother resides.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod of Jarvis street have been entertaining their relatives, Dr. and Mrs. McLeod, of Detroit, who have returned home. After a winter of more or less illness, Mrs. and Miss Charo McLeod are now in good health.

A prominent citizen writes: "A reminder to the ladies and gentlemen who delight in equestrian exercise not to ride on the bicycle paths and golf grounds in the vicinity of the city might be of some service. A little consideration for their fellow-sportsmen should induce them to keep off the tracks and greens. I witness daily evidence of carelessness riding, to the great inconvenience of golfers and bicyclists. Please let them know the harm resulting from their carelessness."

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Millar, who were of the Southern sojourners, have returned home. Mrs. Edwin Pearson, who has just had a visit from her daughter, Mrs. Duncan, of Brantford, is now entertaining her other married daughter, Mrs. Reginald Carter, of Montreal. Mrs. Carter returns home to-day. Her two fine little children were much admired during their little visit to their grandparents.

Captain John Michie and Miss Annie Michie have gone to Atlantic City. Mrs. Sutherland Stayner has returned from Dansville very much improved in health. Miss Florence Mercer Adam returned to her home at Akron, Ohio, last Saturday. Mr. Marsland, the acting manager of Molson's Bank at the Junction, has returned to his post in town. Mr. and Mrs. Archle Langmuir are home from their trip to Washington. Major Jarvis left after the marriage of his sister to take up his work in the Yukon, which he left to take service with the cavalry for South Africa last year.

Mrs. F. B. Poison of 102 Pembroke street will hold her post-nuptial receptions on next Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gordon have gone to Atlantic City. Miss Nellie Parsons has returned from Montreal. Mrs. Brock of Queen's Park and Miss Brock have returned from the South. Mrs. Norman Gurd of Sarnia is visiting Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth. Mrs. Charlie Nelles, who was down for a short visit, returned to Brantford on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Moore are leaving on April 24 for the Mediterranean, and many friends called on Monday to say good-bye before Oak Lawn is closed to visitors for the season. Miss Daisy Monahan is visiting friends in Penetang. Mrs. Charles Winstanley is at the Welland, St. Catharines. Dr. Roper, very much welcomed and congratulated, has been on a visit to Toronto. He preached in St. Stephen's Church on Sunday.

Mrs. Somerville of Atherley, whose long and serious illness gave her family and friends so much anxiety, has benefited very much by her trip south, and came home last week, much to the joy of her people.

Major and Mrs. Forester have been enjoying their English visit, and Major Forester has regained all his old health and strength, after the rigor of the campaign. They will soon be back in Toronto, though, owing to the reduced condition of the gallant soldier's health, additional leave was some time ago granted, which, however, is drawing to a close.

Major J. C. Macdougall left for Fredericton on Monday. Mrs. Macdougall was so much better last week as to be able to leave St. John's Hospital, and, I believe, is now with her sister, Mrs. Brough, in Admiral road.

A correspondent writes: "Dame Rumor is still at work. The latest engagement, to be announced soon, is that of a young society girl of the West End who has lately made Toronto her home, to a very pretty half-jailed maiden in Montreal. Still another one, this time one of our own girls, a very pretty society girl in the West End, to a wealthy young financier, also of the West End."

On Friday evening last Mrs. F. A. Barrett of Bathurst street gave a "progressive" tea for her guest, Miss Head, of St. Mary's. Very daintily indeed were the prizes, which were won by Misses Muriel Hills and Mildred Stewart and Messrs. Perry and Stewart. Some of those present were Miss Head, Miss Graeme Stewart, Miss Hills, Miss Noyes, Miss Mildred Stewart, Miss Griffiths, Miss Muriel Hills, Miss Staunton, Miss Lockle, and Mr. Cobban, Mr. F. Lane, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Donald, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Howland, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Perry and Mr. Patterson.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. George's Church, Etobicoke, on Tuesday evening, April 9, 1901, when Mr. William Walker of Toronto was married to Miss Helen Florence Beatty, only daughter of the late Thomas Beatty, M.D., of "Ebbina," Lambton Mills. The church, which was crowded, was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies, palms and ferns. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. O. Tremayne. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Charles Beatty, was beautifully gowned in white silk, with point lace. She wore the customary veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses; also a white prayer-book, the gift of the Rev. H. S. Musson. The bridesmaid, Miss Madeline Kennedy of Toronto, was charmingly attired in white organdie, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. She wore a white picture hat and carried pink roses. The grooms-

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SKIPPER.
Being the biography
of a Blue Ribboner
by S. W. FORD.

ing to try a brush with the runaway. What fun!

Skipper pranced out into the roadway and gathered himself for the sport. Before he could get into full swing, however, the roan had shot past with a snort of challenge which could not be misunderstood.

"Oho! You will, eh?" thought Skipper. "Well now, we'll see about that."

Ah, a free rein! That is—almost free. And a touch of the spurs? No need for that, Reddy. How the carriages scatter! Skipper caught hasty glimpses of smart hackneys drawn up trembling by the roadside, of women who tumbled from bicycles into the bushes, and of men who ran and shouted and waved their hats.

"Just as though that little roan wasn't scared enough already," thought Skipper.

But she did run well; Skipper had to admit that. She had a lead of fifty yards before he could strike his own gait. Then for a few moments he could not seem to gain an inch. But the mare was blowing herself and Skipper was taking it coolly. He was putting the pent up energy of weeks into his strides. Once he saw he was overhauling her he steered to the work.

Just as Skipper was about to forge ahead, Reddy did a queer thing. With his right hand he grabbed the roan with a nose-pinch grip, and with the left he pulled in on the reins. It was a great disappointment to Skipper, for he had counted on showing the roan his heels. Skipper knew, after two or three experiences of this kind, that this was the usual run.

Those were glorious runs, though. Skipper wished they would come more often. Sometimes there would be two and even three in a day. Then a fortnight or so would pass without a single runaway on Skipper's beat. But duty is duty.

During the early morning hours, when there were few people in the park, Skipper's education progressed. He learned to pace around in a circle, lifting each forefoot with a sway of the body and a pawing movement which was quite rhythmical. He learned to box with his nose. He learned to walk sedately behind Reddy and to pick up a glove, dropped apparently by accident. There was always a sugar plum or a sweet cracker in the glove, which he got when Reddy stopped and Skipper, poking his nose over his shoulder, let the glove fall into his hands.

As he became more accomplished he noticed that "Reddy" took more pains with his toilet. Every morning Skipper's coat was curried and brushed and rubbed with chamois until it shone almost as if it had been varnished. His fetlocks were carefully trimmed; a ribbon braided into his forelock, and his hoofs polished as brightly as Reddy's boots. Then there were apples and carrots and other delicacies which Reddy brought him.

So it happened that one morning Skipper heard the Sergeant tell Reddy that he had been detailed for the Horse Show squad. Reddy had saluted and said nothing at the time, but when they were once out on post he told Skipper all about it.

"Sure an' it's apparin' before all the swells in town you'll be, me b'y. What do ye think of that, eh? An' mebbe y'll be gettin' a blue ribbon, Skipper, me lad; an' mebbe Mr. Patrick Martin will have a roundsman's berth an' chevrons on his sleeves afore the year's out."

The Horse Show was all that Reddy had promised, and more. The light almost dazzling Skipper. The sounds and the smells confused him. But he felt Reddy on his back, heard him chirrup softly, and soon felt at ease on the tanbark.

Then there was a great crash of noise and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. First it was fours abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to front, when, in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

After some more evolutions a half dozen were picked out and put through their paces. Skipper was one of these. Then three of the six were sent to join the rest of the squad. Only Skipper and two others remained in the center of the ring. Men in queer clothes, wearing tall black hats, showing much white shirt-front and carrying long whips, came and looked them over carefully.

Skipper showed these men how he could waltz in time to the music, and the people who banked the circle as far up as Skipper could see shouted and clapped their hands until it seemed as if a thunderstorm had broken loose.

At last one of the men in tall hats fed a blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle. Skipper was sold again.

Then there was a great crash of noise and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. First it was fours abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to front, when, in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Gid a-ap." Here they said, "Halt!" and "Forward!" But "Reddy" used none of these terms. He pressed with his knees on your withers, loosened the reins, and made a queer little chirrup when he wanted you to gallop. He let you know when he wanted you to stop by the lightest pressure on the bit.

It was lazy work, though. Sometimes when Skipper was just aching for a brisk canter he had to pace soberly through the park driveways—for Skipper, although I don't believe I mentioned it before, was part and parcel of the mounted police force. But there, you could know that by the coat-of-arms in yellow brass on his saddle-blanket.

For half an hour at a time he would stand, just on the edge of the roadway and at an exact right angle with it, motionless, as the horse ridden by the bronze soldier up near the Mall. "Reddy" would sit as still in the saddle, too. It was hard for Skipper to stand there, and see those mincing cobs go by, their padhoings all a-glitter, crests on their blinders, jingling their pole-chains and switching their absurd little tails of tabs. But it was still more tantalizing to watch the saddle horses canter past in the soft bridle path on the other side of the roadway. But then, when you are on the force you must do your duty.

One afternoon as Skipper was standing post like this he caught a new note that rose above the hum of the park traffic. It was the quick, nervous beat of hoofs which rang sharply on the hard macadam. There were screams, too. It was a runaway. Skipper knew this even before he saw the bell-like nostrils, the straining eyes, and the foam-flecked lips of the horse, or the scared man in the carriage behind. It was a case of broken rein.

How the sight made Skipper's blood tingle! Wouldn't he like to show that crazy roan what real running was! But what was Reddy going to do? He felt him gather up the reins. He felt his knees tighten. What! Yes, it must be so. Reddy was actually go-

ing said "Good-by" in a voice that Skipper had never heard him use before. Something had made it thick and husky. Very sadly Skipper saw him saddle one of the new-comers and go out for duty.

Before Reddy came back Skipper was led away. He was taken to a big building where there were horses of every kind—except the right kind. Each one had his own peculiar "out," although you couldn't always tell what it was at first glance.

But Skipper did not stay here long. He was led out before a lot of men in a big ring. A man on a box shouted out a number, and began to talk very fast. Skipper gathered that he was talking about him. Skipper learned that he was still only six years old, and that he had been owned as a saddle horse by a lady who was about to sail for Europe and was closing out her stable. This was news to Skipper. He wished Reddy could hear it.

The man talked very nicely about Skipper. He said he was kind, gentle, sound in wind and limb, and was not only trained to the saddle, but would work either single or double. The man wanted to know how much the gentlemen were willing to pay for a bay gelding of this description.

Someone on the outer edge of the crowd said, "Ten dollars."

At this the man on the box grew quite indignant. He asked if the other man wouldn't like a silver-mounted harness and a lap-robe thrown in.

"Fifteen," said another man.

Somebody else said, "Twenty-five," and still another, "Thirty." Then there was a hitch. The man on the box began to talk very fast indeed:

"Thutty-thutty-thutty-thutty—do I hear the five? Thutty-thutty-thutty-thutty-will you make it five?"

"Thirty-five," said a red-faced man who had pushed his way to the front and was looking Skipper over sharply.

The man on the box said "Thutty-five" a good many times and asked if he "heard forty." Evidently he did not, for he stopped and said very slowly and distinctly, looking expectantly around: "Are you all done? Thirty-five once. Thirty-five twice. Third—and last call—sold, for thirty-five dollars!"

When Skipper heard this he hung his head. When you have been a \$250 blue-ribboner and the pride of the force it is sad to be "knocked down" for thirty-five.

The next year of Skipper's life was a dark one. We will not linger over it. The red-faced man who led him away was a grocer. He put Skipper in the shafts of a heavy wagon very early every morning and drove him a long way through the city to a big down-town market where men in long frocks shouted and handled boxes and barrels. When the wagon was heavily loaded the red-faced man drove him back to the store. Then a tow-haired boy, who jerked viciously on the lines and was fond of using the whip, drove him recklessly about the streets and avenues.

But one day the tow-haired boy pulled the near rein too hard while rounding a corner and a wheel was smashed against a lamp-post. The tow-haired boy was sent head first into an ash-barrel, and Skipper, rather startled at the occurrence, took a little run down the avenue, strewing the pavement with eggs, sugar, canned corn, celery, and other assorted groceries.

Perhaps this was why the grocer sold him. Skipper pulled a cart through the flat-house district for a while after that. On the seat of the cart sat a leather-lunged man who roared:

"A-a-a-a-pus! Nice a-a-a-a-pus! A who-o-o lot for a quarter!"

Skipper felt this disgrace keenly. Even the cab-horses, on whom he used to look with disdain, eyed him scornfully. Skipper stood it as long as possible, and then one day, while the appal-fakir was standing on the back step of the cart, shouting things at a woman who was leaning half way out of a fourth-story window, he bolted. He distributed that load of apples over four blocks, much to the profit of the street children, and he wrecked the wagon on a hydrant. For this the fakir beat him with a piece of the wreckage until a blue-coated officer threatened to arrest him. Next day Skipper was sold again.

Skipper looked over his new owner without joy. The man was evil of face. His long whiskers and hair were unkempt and sun-bleached, like the tip end of a pastured cow's tail. His clothes were greasy. His voice was like the grunt of a pig. Skipper was sold again.

Then there was a great crash of noise and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. First it was fours abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to front, when, in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

After some more evolutions a half dozen were picked out and put through their paces. Skipper was one of these. Then three of the six were sent to join the rest of the squad. Only Skipper and two others remained in the center of the ring. Men in queer clothes, wearing tall black hats, showing much white shirt-front and carrying long whips, came and looked them over carefully.

Skipper showed these men how he could waltz in time to the music, and the people who banked the circle as far up as Skipper could see shouted and clapped their hands until it seemed as if a thunderstorm had broken loose.

At last one of the men in tall hats fed a blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle. Skipper was sold again.

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Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Gid a-ap." Here they said, "Halt!" and "Forward!" But "Reddy" used none of these terms. He pressed with his knees on your withers, loosened the reins, and made a queer little chirrup when he wanted you to gallop. He let you know when he wanted you to stop by the lightest pressure on the bit.

It was clear that none of this work was for him. Early on the first morning of his service men in brass-buttoned blue coats came to the stable to feed and rub down the horses. Skipper's man had two names. One was Officer Martin; at least that was the one to which he was answered when the man with the cap called the roll before they rode out for duty. The other name was "Reddy." That was what the rest of the men in blue coats called him. Skipper noticed that he had red hair and concluded that "Reddy" must be his real name.

As for Skipper's name, it was written on the tag tied to the halter which he wore when he came to the city. Skipper heard him read it. The boy on the farm had done that, and Skipper was glad, for he liked the name.

There was much to learn in those first few weeks, and Skipper learned it quickly. He came to know that at inspection, which began the day, you must stand with your nose just on a line with that of the horse on either side. If you didn't feel the bit or the spurs. He mastered the meaning of "right dress," "left dress," "forward," "fours right," and a lot of other things. Some of them were very strange.

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EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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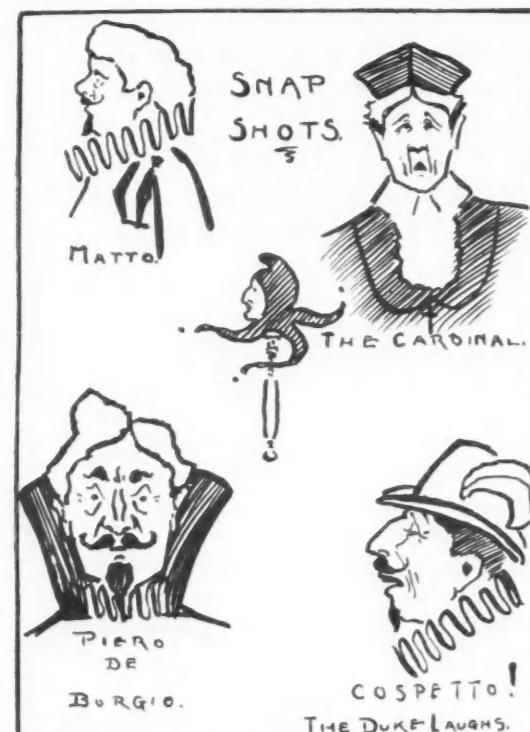
VOL. 14.

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1901.

NO. 23.



peared here, but the reception accorded his performance proved beyond a doubt that his admirers had not forgotten him. As Cecco the Jester, the fool whose sword was as nimble as his wit, Mr. Warde has been desired. His impersonation of the Duke in the last act was an excellent piece of acting, and he hit off the mannerisms and affectations of that festive nobleman so accurately that at times it was hard to realize that the Duke and the Jester had exchanged places. Mr. Spencer, as the Duke of Milan, gave a good portrayal of a peculiar and eccentric ducal potentate. The acting of Mrs. Spencer, as Nina de Borgio, was of considerable merit. Apart from these characters, however, the company was rather weak, one of the characters talking like a schoolboy giving his first recitation. The play itself had flashes of real merit, although some of the scenes fell rather flat when Mr. Warde was not there to keep things moving. The plot deals with the story of the love of Cecco the Jester, whose father was a nobleman, for Nina de Borgio, a court beauty, who, unknown to anyone, loves him in return. Warde's strongest scene is where the Jester realizes that if he marries Nina she will be held up to ridicule as the fool's wife. He was called before the curtain on Monday night, and in a neatly worded little speech thanked the audience for their reception, incidentally paying Mr. John Hare—the last actor to make a speech here—a very graceful compliment.



The first turn in the show at Shea's, of which Lafayette is the nominal star—this isn't astrology—wasn't up to the usual standard. James Farley is a clever dancer, but it he expects people to laugh at alleged humor that has appeared previously in the Key to Health almanac, why—well, he's making a mistake. Miss Farley's style is—Toronto Opera House, second gallery. The rest of the programme, however, was entirely good. Charles Stine and Olive Evans in their skirt, Wanted, a Divorce, were dead funny. Their burlesque on the modern melodrama was rich; moreover, it "caught on" with the crowd. The girl "who can sing" Maud Meredith, was apparently quite a favorite. The last song was particularly suited to her style, and made a decided hit. Kelly and Ashby did a good turn, in fact several good turns, evidently believing that one good turn deserves another. Smith, Doty and Coe proved to be good laugh provokers as well as musicians. A Strange Boy, as presented by Bert Howard and Leona Bland, was, in my estimation, the best bit of entertainment on the bill. Mr. Howard was certainly a "strange boy," and his piano playing was one of the features. Some of Morton's jokes



have appeared here, in disguise, before, but one forgives that when they're cloaked under his own inimitable drollery. Lafayette was the last number, and presented some very clever deceptions and impersonations, which, to any who had not seen them previously, would no doubt prove a treat. He fumbled his first trick with the lamp on Monday, but this no doubt would pass as a presentation of "the light that failed."

The melodrama *Woman Against Woman* is receiving excellent staging at the Princess this week, the scenery and stage settings in acts 1 and 3 being particularly worthy of mention. Neither Mr. Glazier's popularity nor his ability to act has been impaired by his absence. Miss Maynard was Bessie Barton, John Tressider's bride, has a difficult part to play, and does it excellently—though I should say that in the third act she becomes a little too hysterical even for a melodrama. The other characters of particular merit are Phil Tressider and Rachel Westwood, as interpreted by Mark Kent and Frances Desmonde. Although the play is of that variety that makes you feel a deep shade of indigo for the rest of the day, it seemed to please the people who attended, and they filled the house. The babies patronize the matinees as largely as ever.

Francis Wilson and company in *The Monks of Malabar*, which has already been seen here, are at the Grand the last three nights of this week. The season is getting so advanced that even a popular show suffers as a result.

West's Minstrels at the Toronto Opera House this week give a good show of their kind. The street parade with the company togged out in brilliant golf suits has been an attractive daily feature.

Every night during John Hare's engagement at the Grand, people came into the theater late, although it was universally understood that the curtain was to rise at eight sharp. Speaking of the same nuisance in a Western city, a United States exchange says: "It makes no difference whether one attends a cheap amateur club performance, a high-priced opera or anything between—just as soon as the stage or platform is occupied a line of stragglers files up the aisle, and rustles into reserved seats. Then there is a nestling and twisting, re-arrangement, removal of hats and wraps, passing of opera glasses, and whispering which destroys the comfort of everyone within hearing or vision. There is simply no excuse for this state of things. A hundred or so of late comers should not be permitted to interfere with a whole houseful who are on time. Managers should place some light obstruction across the aisles as soon as the performance begins, and permit no passage until an intermission. There is no greater hardship involved in being on time at a place of amusement or instruction than in reaching a ferry or railway depot in time for boat or train or in being at a bank before the hour of closing. If a few inconsiderate fashionables have to stand through one act of a play or one number of a concert, it will be an excellent lesson in promptness for the future. No manager need fear making himself unpopular by enforcing such a rule. The comfort and convenience of the majority of patrons should be considered. Most people want to hear and see the performance. Those who imagine that they are adding to their social importance by interrupting can easily be spared. They are not apt to be either intelligent or appreciative. Since the rule of having women remove their hats has worked so smoothly, there is every reason to expect that a rule of promptness would be equally successful."

Adelaide Herrmann, who will be the feature of the show at Shea's Theater next week, is the widow of Herrmann the Great. Madame Herrmann has outstripped her late husband in feats of magic, and her stage setting is the most beautiful ever attempted in this line. Her act is entitled *A Night in Japan*. In the execution of her tricks Mme. Herrmann achieves effects that are unsurpassed by any performer on the stage. Mme. Herrmann's natural beauty is enhanced by her picturesque costumes. This will be the first time this act has been seen in vaudeville in this city. Nat M. Wills, the happy tramp, will be heard here in monologue for the first time. Wills has the best lot of stories and parodies in vaudeville, and every line of them is original. There is no palming off of old stuff.

The Grand will be dark the first three nights of next week. The last three nights Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera, *The Gondoliers*, will be given by the Young People's Harmony Club. The Electrician is the name of the play to be given at the Princess next week, while at the Toronto on the Suwanee River will be seen.

Notes From the Capital.

It was not easy to be cheerful in Ottawa about Easter time. And to put the finishing touch on the inopportune dullness, the Russell Theater was burned down. That was indeed a cruel blow, for if there was one thing Ottawa people were really proud of and loved, it was the Russell Theater. Now that it is gone, however, much is being said of its altogether faulty construction, so far as exits were concerned, and it is generally agreed that had the fire taken place a few hours earlier there would have been an immense sacrifice of human life, for at the performance of the *Belle of New York* the audience was the largest that had ever filled the theater. The ladies and gentlemen who were at that performance speak as if they had had a narrow escape. The theater is going to be rebuilt, in very much the same style, but a trifle larger, and with improved exits. They say it will be ready by the first of September. In the meantime the theater-going public is reduced to the Grand Opera House, which should reap a harvest, and Orme's Hall, a concert hall well adapted for chamber music but for nothing else. The Orchestral Society is having a rough time this season, and with difficulty manages to produce its concerts. The first concert was postponed on account of the death of the Queen, and now the second one, which was to have taken place on Wednesday of this week, is off until the 8th of May, which was the first open night at the Grand Opera House.

The Countess of Minto opened the Hospital Carnival on Wednesday evening of last week. Lady Minto came attended by Captain Bell, A.D.C., and after an address by Mr. John Coates, the president, in a short speech she declared the bazaar open and wished the undertaking all kinds of success. Lady Minto does not care for public speaking, in which she differs greatly from her predecessor at Government House, but when she cannot avoid saying a few words in public she says them very nicely and very much to the point. After this formal part, Lady Minto and the reception committee, which consisted of Mrs. J. P. Brophy, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary; Mr. and Miss Coates, Dr. Chabot, president of the C.A.A., and Mr. Emmanuel Tasse, vice-president of the bazaar committee, made a tour of the hall. Lady Minto bought something at every booth, patronized the London Music Hall, even stopped to try her luck at the roulette table, and then went up to have coffee in the refreshment room, so she fully patronized the Hospital Carnival. The greatest attraction about the Hospital Carnival is the tombola, for which the first prize is a handsome pair of horses, with harness and a rubber-tired trap. This smart turnout parades Sparks street every afternoon and evening, and there are few people who would not like to win it. The drawing is to take place at the end of this week, when the bazaar closes.

The French-Canadians of Ottawa had a great treat last week, when M. Gaston Deschamps of the University of Paris gave his lecture on the Drama at the Academic Hall of Ottawa University. M. Kleczkowski, French Consul-General for Canada, was the chairman. Mgr. Falconio, Papal Delegate; Mgr. Duhamel, several distinguished canons from the Basilica, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lady Laurier, M. Henri Bourassa, M.P., M. Monet, M.P., and various notables of the House of Commons were in the audience which listened to M. Deschamps.

On Thursday M. Brodeur gave a smart luncheon in honor of M. Deschamps in the dining-room of the House of Commons. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and a number of literary French-Canadians were among those invited to meet M. Deschamps. This is the second distinguished French litterateur who has lectured in Ottawa this season, the first being M. Labriolle, who spoke in the Canadian Institute in February on French Literature. In eloquence and oratory these two Frenchmen far surpass any of the numerous lecturers who have told us in English about the war in South Africa and how they saw it, but they have not been nearly so much talked about, nor has there been such a rush for seats. In fact, among English people, one heard nothing whatever about M. Gaston Deschamps' visit or lecture.

There was a ball last week in the Racquet Court—a charity ball for the Children's Hospital. It was well attended, and was much enjoyed, if one may judge by the persistent manner in which the dances were encored. After every dance there was a most noisy clapping of hands, meaning that more of the same was wanted. This is a habit which I think is peculiar to Ottawa, and is a rather barbarous habit. Needless to state, it is only the very youngest of the men who have the habit to a very serious extent, but unfortunately when these youngsters begin to applaud, the older men are placed in a rather trying position, for not to wish an encore might appear as a slight to their partners. The committee of ladies and the gentlemen who assisted them on Thursday night were very wise in giving to the band strict injunctions not to repeat any number of the programme, so the encoring did not really amount to anything. The ladies who received were Mrs. C. A. Eliot, Mrs. H. Bacon, Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Roper. As far as the attendance was concerned, it was far more like a private dance than a public subscription ball. It was not mixed, and not uncomfortably crowded. Among the young ladies was Miss Sheila Macdougall of Toronto, who is the guest of Judge and Madame Girouard.

Miss Helen MacMahon of Toronto, a niece of the late Archibald Walsh, is a guest of Mrs. Moylan of Daly avenue, and is charming all those who meet her, not only by her pleasant manner, but by her musical ability. Miss MacMahon is a gifted pianist, as well as the possessor of a beautiful voice, and many little parties are being gotten up in her honor. Mrs. W. E. Phillpotts, wife of the manager of the Bank of British North America, gave tea on Thursday afternoon, at which the guests had the pleasure of hearing Miss MacMahon sing. She played a romance by Godard at a tea given by Mrs. R. W. Scott last week. Mrs. R. W. Scott was the hostess at two teas last week. One of them, at which Lady Laurier and the Cabinet Ministers' wives were present, was in honor of Mrs. Sullivan of Prince Edward Island. This week, on Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Laurence Power gave a large *At Home* between the hours of 5 and 7. The Speaker was there to assist in doing the honors, and Miss Plunkett, a bright little "American" girl, who has been Mrs. Power's guest for some weeks, received with her. The quarters of the Speaker of the Senate are well adapted for entertaining, and even though it was a large tea the crowd was not disagreeable.

There were so many dinners and luncheons last week, especially the latter part, that the supply of waiters ran out. The number of well-trained waiters, most of whom are ex-butlers from English households, is limited, and when it gives out there is no use fighting against the inevitable—dinners or luncheons simply cannot be given. There are very few houses in Ottawa where the staff of servants is sufficient for a formal dinner or a large entertainment—even at Government House balls one recognizes the professional waiter. In fact, no one goes into society more than he does. And the wise hostess engages her waiters before she asks her guests. Last winter there was a hostess who neglected to engage the waiters until the day of the dinner, and found to her dismay that none were to be had. She had her own three maids, but one helped the cook in the kitchen, the other took off the ladies' wraps in the dressing-room, and the third helped a waiter engaged at the last moment from an hotel. For the hostess that dinner was a tragedy. Some of her guests saw it in the light of a comedy.

AMARYLLIS.

Aunt Hannah—It's scandalous the way these theater women cut up. Uncle George—Oh, well, they must have some change, you know. As for me, I'd rather have them act badly off than on the stage.—Boston "Transcript."

R. C. A. Exhibition Reviewed.

BY T. SQUARE.

TORONTO has been particularly favored this year in having three art exhibitions—the twenty-ninth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, the Woman's Art Association, and the Royal Canadian Academy. The last named is the most important one in years. From this collection the pictures will be chosen to represent Canadian art at the Pan-American Exposition. Many of the best efforts on the wall are small but exquisite examples of native talent that must be lingered with to appreciate. An attempt to conscientiously view these works at one visit would make one suffer from aesthetic indigestion. The collection, as a whole, is superior to former years, and has not run color-rampant, but is sane, intelligent, and, in the majority of efforts, honest and truthful, with a decided flavor of out-of-door work.

Upon entering the porch you notice an elongated poster that is fair in color but decidedly bad in composition. At the top are three poplars, then three statues upon a colonnade with three columns, and opposite these are three men. The woman seated in the foreground is out of all proportion, and sinks into the ground.

DECORATION.

Then outside the gallery are some delightful decorative compositions of Gustave Hahn, good in color, cleverly handled, with graceful lines and a studied technique. Adjoining these are some of A. H. Howard's poker-work. The borders are well conceived, but the pictures lack strength and individuality. "Old Simon the Cellarer" and "The Vicar of Bray" are decidedly good, showing the artist to be a direct draughtsman and not above using the original text of the song.

ARCHITECTURE.

Architecture in the same room is represented by three men, and the best work is not that of the Academicians. A. J. Taylor's water color perspective of the Merchants' Bank, Winnipeg, is poorly designed in grouping and spacing. The sky is thin, cold, and tinnish; the figures are like wood, and the dogs like cast iron. However, he renders his own work, while another Academician employed the services of T. Raffles Davidson, and at the last exhibition here he became an R.C.A., although at that exhibition he exhibited a drawing rendered by Rattray of London, England. It is far better for an architect to render his own work, for then one gets an idea of his real capabilities. R. W. Tripp's drawings may be pitched in a little too high a key of color, but then they are for the antipodes—Auckland, N.Z.

SCULPTURE.

Grouped in the center of the first gallery is the sculpture. Alward's bust of Sir George Burton, ex-Chief Justice of Ontario, is solid, vigorously handled, a capital likeness, and the best as a work of art. Banks' bust of Hon. Justice Falconbridge is a good likeness, but there could be somewhat more freedom in the modeling of the stiff draperies. A good deal of action is shown in a little bas-relief. "The Skater," by R. T. MacKenzie. Lord Strathcona, by Hamilton MacCarthy, looks like beaten galvanized iron, and his bust of Lady Aberdeen (although like her) shows a lack of knowledge in execution.

PAINTINGS.

"London Bridge," by Bell-Smith, has been mentioned in this column before. His "Above the Clouds, Mount Aberdeen, Rockies," is truthful in color and crisp in handling. J. A. Brown has not done himself justice in either "The Miller's Home" or "The Ravines." The picture of the year is "The Bathers," by Blair Bruce, full of sunshine, perspective, drawing, technique, composition, life and truth. The wet hair on the shoulders of the girls kneeling upon the beach, who have been in the surf, and the rich, waving, Titian-colored hair of the elder girl just going in, are true to life, and show the painter to be a careful student of nature, time, place and color. "Spring," by Henri Beau, is true in color, and proves him one who goes to nature instead of cooking it up from a fertile imagination and a starved palette in the studio. It is a little spoiled by the spotty handling, but its distance and color sense redeem it. A very broad and effective piece of decorative work is "The Queen's Choristers," by M. A. Bell. You can walk through the trees, because space exists in it. The reflections of the trees in the pool are splendidly produced, and the whole thing keyed up to the red robe of the kneeling queen, listening to her choristers—poetic license for frogs. The pictures which have been mentioned in these columns before it is not the intention of the writer to dwell upon. There is a strong portrait of D. McNab in oil by Cruikshank. His "Capital" in water color, with a well-drawn sow and litter, the old habitant cutting his tobacco, seated comfortably upon a wheelbarrow, that is a wheelbarrow and not a smudge, should be well studied. Maurice Cullen is painting stronger every year. His "Sunny September" startles one with the truth of its coloring, and it stands upon a plane of excellence entirely its own. His "Winter, Quebec," is one of the few really typical Canadian pictures in the gallery; its values are well balanced, and the masts of the ice-bound boats give a dignity to the citadel that is admirable. Miss Florence Carley exhibits no such ambitious work as in former years. They are all clever, but lack finish. Dyonnet of Montreal has five pictures, and they are all good, and as a whole his work and that of W. Brymner, also of Montreal, show more distinct individuality than any in the gallery.

(To be concluded next week.)

According to the Stars.

READERS who follow the comments on the first page of "Saturday Night" attentively, will recall that some weeks ago an editorial on fortune-telling was published. To this article a gentleman, whose identity was and still is unknown to the editor, replied. He claimed that after several years of amateur study of astrology he was convinced that there was something in the theory of planetary influence, and he offered to be put to the test if some of "Saturday Night's" readers would furnish accurate data through the columns of this paper as to the place, date and hour of birth, also sex, etc. In response to this challenge many letters were received. From these four were selected, and two weeks ago the facts concerning their writers' respective introductions into this odd, old world were given in order that the unknown astrological gentleman might cast their horoscopes. The results of his labors have now been received, and are appended. The understanding is that the subjects of his readings are to acquaint "Saturday Night" and its readers next week as to the degree of accuracy with which their careers have been sketched.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the editor of "Saturday Night" is not a convert to astrology. The course pursued with regard to "Stellavates'" challenge was dictated solely by playful spirit of combined curiosity and doubt.

"Stellavates" points out that in each of the four cases, except possibly that of a male born at 11 a.m., the hour of birth is evidently only approximate. "This," he says, "has made the giving of a description of personal appearance almost too uncertain to be attempted, and I must ask that what has been said on this point be not judged as a fair evidence of what astrology can accomplish in this direction."

A lady, born Sunday, March 13th, 1859, at midnight, near Toronto.—Providing the native was born at the hour of twelve or a little later in the night, she should be in appearance well made, compact in body, rather over medium stature, with brown hair of darker shade, and full, expressive eyes. Graceful in attitude and movement. In disposition she is affable, courteous, obliging and good-

natured. She has a strong love-nature, that lies rather deeply beneath the surface and does not reveal its passion to everyone. She is generous with her possessions, and very loyal to her friends. She is apt to put too much confidence in the words and promises of others, and sometimes meets with disappointments in consequence. She takes strong likes and dislikes, is of a sensitive temperament, somewhat restless, but gifted with good sense, careful, thoughtful and honorable. She can usually be relied upon to fill acceptably places of trust, but is somewhat lacking by nature in self-esteem, and needs to cultivate more assertiveness of her individuality for true success in life. She should be fortunate in all matters associated with her home, and could successfully carry on a business there. In matters of real estate, or mining, she should have success also. She has been or will be twice married, and both times happily. Her second husband is an elderly man, who has had means, but possibly has lost or will lose them through ill-health, or papers and writings. If the lady has been blessed with offspring there have been but few, and at least one has not survived infancy. I judge that in the first years of life some loss was experienced by this lady, the nature of which she was of course too young to know. Again, about her sixteenth year, there is an indication of sickness, or loss of some kind, and again about 31. Her majority, however, was marked by good health and possibly some material gain. In April of last year, I judge, she passed through some pleasant experience, made a happy acquaintance, or enjoyed very good and buoyant health. In October she probably took a journey, or was very actively concerned in some work. She may have met a gentleman, who should have brought much happiness to her. In December some advantageous removal seems to have been made, and about the same time some dispute or annoyance through letters or writings. Care was needed in correspondence and making contracts. January of the present year was a trying month. Either she suffered in her own health or had some bereavement, and possibly some financial stringency. In January and February, 1902, trouble and loss may be expected. Sickness, bereavement and worry about money are not unlikely. During this year some curious event of a psychic nature will occur in her home.

Male, born Sunday, January 27th, 1861, at 11 a.m., Toronto.—Providing the subject of this sketch was born at the hour specified, and not earlier, he should be in appearance not over medium stature, rather slim in build, with pale complexion, and dark hair, or possibly a tinge of auburn. In disposition he will be independent and at times obstinate, slow to anger and slow to forget. Honest, just, inquiring, and somewhat difficult to know intimately. Conservative in habits and thought, yet original, studious, with good reasoning faculties and powers of observation. Likely



LORD ALVERSTONE,
Lord Chief Justice of England. Lord Alverstone,
it is rumored, will return to political life, suc-
ceeding Lord Halsbury as Lord High Chan-
cellor in the reconstructed cabinet.

penditure. In April, 1902, some happy circumstance associated with his home life will take place.

Lady, born Friday, March 15th, 1872, 8:30 a.m., Brighton, Eng.—The hour of this lady's birth is given as between 8 and 9 a.m. I have judged she was born about 8:30 or later, in which case she should be in appearance below medium stature, slight in features, and having brown hair. In disposition she should be rather easy-going, good-natured, easily irritated but not long angry, fond of rambling, quiet, and friendly. She is not very stable in her opinions, can be influenced, but might be somewhat headstrong under opposition or other exciting cause. She is fond of pleasure and society, but at times reserved in manner. She should be a good linguist, and would find the occult sciences of much interest—especially astrology, for the sympathetic study of which she is well fitted. She is apt to indulge in somewhat chimerical ideas that won't meet the test of twentieth century practicability. I judge that some unfortunate circumstance or change in her home

A SPRING POEM
WORTH READING.

Bliss Carman publishes the following verses in the "Saturday Evening Post" under the caption How the Spring Came to Pierrot:

Look, love, how the woods are all misty
With purple and gray!
And the soft mellow wind has a touch
Of enchantment to-day.

There is rain in the air, and a magic
Unloosing of bonds—
A glad putting forth of new life,
An unfolding of fronds.

Whence come these old exquisite ardors
In crimson and green,
That walk through the valley and quicken
The life that has been?

Whence come these old exquisite fervors
In yellow and blue,
That touch the frail flowers, and waken
Their beauty anew?

Whence come these old passionate raptures
In whistle and trill,
That open the gates of the morning
By meadow and hill?

Whence come to the house of the spirit
Love, daring, desire,
To knock at the door—bid the inmate
Awake and aspire?

My heart never questions a moment
What April may bring,
But only cries, after long patience,
"Pierrot, it is Spring!"

life has influenced her career. She has had, and will have, a great deal of change and moving about. A sea voyage, which has by no means been wholly fortunate, is indicated, and travelling by water will always be fraught with more or less of danger and misfortune for her. She may not marry, but if she does her husband will bring her neither happiness nor money, and his relatives will be a cause of trouble and loss. Her best portion in life is found in a number of good friends, sincere and helpful, though she has some literary or scientific acquaintances who will do well not to trust. She has also some private enemies, and is in danger of loss by fire at some time in her life. In October of 1900 she may have made some male friend or had some little "affair de coeur." January, 1901, should have brought her good health and the help of friends. July next will bring some grief, ill-health or disappointment. September will see her actively engaged either with writings of some sort, or possibly travelling. December, 1901, and January, 1902, will bring some 'grief or loss of money. A near relative may die, or she may take a long and unfortunate journey. The latter part of her life is destined to bring her greater prosperity and happiness.

Male, born Saturday, April 8th, 1837, 3:30 a.m., Bath, Eng.—This gentleman gives his approximate hour of birth as between 3 and 4 a.m. Assuming he was born about 3:30 a.m., he would in appearance be of middle stature, pale complexion, oval face, dark brown hair, high forehead, inclined to be stout, moderate beard and whisker. He is in disposition of an independent character, somewhat of a leader if he can overcome a natural diffidence and possessed of original ideas. He is very active, hates idleness, and is always busy at something. He is bright, witty, a good talker, quick to perceive, and not easily deceived. His inclination is studious, and toward the scientific and philosophic. He likes planning, but is impatient of delays, and cannot put up with work that drags. He is of a most inquiring turn of mind. I should judge he has written poetry at some time in his life. A man of less keen intellect and sound judgment, with this horoscope, might give way to indulgence in liquor. I judge he has travelled considerably, and often been far from home. He has probably had a good deal of money at times, but never for very long. Water travel has not brought him much fortune, but rather the reverse. In matters pertaining to publications or newspapers, success should attend him. Law and partnerships bring trouble and loss. I do not think he married early in life, but he may have had a misunderstanding with some lady of whom he thought a great deal. Still his first marriage should have been a very happy one, and if he has married twice, which is not unlikely, his second wife has also proved a helpmate to him. At 45, or about then, he had some serious loss or reverse. Possibly the death of his first wife or severe illness, and a lack of friends and money. In February of last year he may have met with an accident or suffered from some feverish complaint, or possibly had some dispute. June, 1900, was also an unfavorable month, and there was worry, perhaps re-



MR. E. GUS PORTER
of Belleville.

Mr. Porter has been nominated by the
Conservatives of West Hastings to suc-
ceed Mr. Harry Cory. He first made a
name as counsel for W. H. Ponton in the
celebrated Nanapanee bank robbery case.

moval or change, loss, unrest of mind, and anxiety. September, 1900, brought betterment, some gain in business and friends. A long journey at that time would have proven profitable. November, 1900, should have involved him in some difficulty over publications, writings, or contracts. An unfavorable short journey may have been made. June of this year brings some trouble into his home in loss, bereavement, or sickness. December will bring trouble through some lady, disappointment, or possibly the loss of a dear child. March 28th and December 6th and 14th are excellent business days in this year. December 26th should bring him something very good in the way of a Christmas gift, or his business will be rushing along profitable lines. From now until the middle of August he may be upset either in business or health, and may perhaps have some domestic worry. His sixty-seventh year will be an extremely critical one for his health.

The Keyhole Reporter.

II.—Hon. N. Cork Walrus, M.P., and Mr. Semaphore Talbot, M.P.

"I HAVE call to spik wiz you about your asult. Remembre, bete, fol, coward, you are not in une Horange Lodge now. I will hit you on ze head avec votre baton. Ah-r-r-r, sacree!"

"I would not dirty my hands on you—as I remarked in the House last night. But say Talbot, what's eating you, anyway?"

"Heatin' me? I will show my constitutin' zat I am not afraid of the Horange monsainte, Cork Walrus. Zat is my game. Zat is ze reason, I bait you."

"And the reason I take the baiting and like to get it, Talbot, is that it does me good with the ultra-Protestants. They think if the Frenchmen are so riled by my presence and remarks I must be doing a necessary work and keeping the detested Johnnie Crepeauds in their place."

"Oh-ho, zat is your hidea, zen. Why, my idea is ze ver' same. All ze Frenchmen who go for Cork Walrus are prizid, tres prizid in Rebec."

"Then we are quits, Talbot. You are a great statesman and I am a great statesman. We are both great statesmen. A statesman in Canada is a man who contrives to keep each race from the humiliation of being assimilated by the other."

"Exactment. M'sien Walrus. After now we quarrel only in publicque. In ze private conversation, we have a good understandment."

Testing Precious Stones.

In a lecture on precious stones recently delivered before the Industrial Association of Berlin, Dr. Immanuel Friedlaender said that the testing of diamonds is comparatively simple. The common test for hardness suffices. If the stone resists strong attacks, it is certain to be genuine; if it does not, the damage is insignificant, as only an imitation has been destroyed. This test, however, is doubtful with rubies. If a ruby can be affected by a steel file, or by quartz, it is surely not genuine, but such a test with a topaz is liable to injure a valuable stone.

The test for hardness is of no avail with emeralds, as this stone is not much harder than quartz, and in addition possesses the quality of cracking easily.

For examining rubies and emeralds the optical test is best. A glass magnifying about one hundred times suffices. Every expert knows that almost all precious stones have little flaws. Nearly every ruby and all emeralds have many defects, which are so characteristic that the genuineness of the stones is readily established. Such a test is very necessary with rubies, because the imitations are very deceiving. Their color is absolutely durable, and often much finer than that of the genuine, although it may be stated that a somewhat yellowish tint is always suspicious.

The only reliable way in which genuine rubies can be told from imitations is by the minute air bubbles of the latter, which become clearly visible under the magnifying glass. These are not to be found in the natural gem; on the other hand, the imitations lack certain defects characteristic of genuine rubies—certain vacuums, whose outlines are much more indistinct than those of the air bubbles in imitations.

True emeralds have similar characteristic defects, such as inclusions of liquids, and curious dendrites. Sapphires also show peculiar netlike formations.

A Needed Caution.

Some of the gentlemen who make it a business at Washington to collect statistics for the country at large have compiled a really appalling list of native poisonous plants. It will be a revelation to anyone who writes to the United States Department of Agriculture for this list to find that a large proportion of familiar blooming and foliage plants are harmful if taken into the human system. Many are so deadly that a very little nibble of them would be fatal. That exquisite bloom, the lily-of-the-valley, is a rank poison if only a trifling bit of the petals or leaves is chewed. Others in the catalogue are as familiar and as unsuspected by the average person as that flower. Some of the plants, too, are so noxious that the milk from cows that have eaten them produces a serious intestinal trouble, particularly in young children. To this cause may be set down, according to those who should know, many cases of otherwise untraceable illness; there would be many more except that animals seem gifted with the instinct, usually, to avoid that which will be injurious to them. One common plant growing wild in the woods bears a poison of such strength that some guinea-pigs, fed with the cooked meat of a chicken that had eaten of the plant, died from the effects of their meal. Obviously the matter is one upon which more extended popular knowledge is advisable. Since we cannot all be botanists to the point of detection of harmful plants, wisdom dictates that no unknown plant should be tasted, or even too closely inhaled. This does not mean that we may not enjoy the glory of the woods and fields without fear. All that is needed, except in the cases of poisonous sumachs, is that plants should not be nibbled and eaten, a practice common to field strollers.

Some Ambiguous Advertisements.

Advertisements should be carefully revised before they are thrown on the world. Here are a few which might be very much misinterpreted from the sense of the advertiser: "Lost by the Rev. — a sermon preached at — last Sunday on — Of no possible use to any one but the owner." Here are two from "The Times": "Lost, on Saturday evening, in the Haymarket, a wallet belonging to a gentleman made of calf-skin," and "Lost, supposed to be left in a carriage on the S.W.R., a large, blue, Spanish gentleman's cloak." Here, again, "A lady, highly educated and intelligent, wishes for a post as a companion." Here is a doctor who is a little hard on himself. He says he has changed his residence to the neighborhood of the churchyard, "which he hopes may prove a convenience to his numerous patients." A Calcutta tradesman offers for sale "a solid iron child's bedstead." A similar one reads: "A mahogany child's chair." A worthy housekeeper advertises to let "an airy bedroom for a gentleman twenty-two feet long and fourteen feet wide." And a house agent has "a house for a family in good repair, with immediate possession."

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.

Kaisers Maria Theresa, Sat., April 20, 10 a.m.
Lahn, Tues., April 23, 10 a.m.
Kaisers Wm. der Grosse, Tues., April 23, 10 a.m.
Kaisers Maria Theresa, Tues., May 14, 10 a.m.
Lahn, Tues., May 21, 10 a.m.
Kaisers Wm. der Grosse, Tues., May 28, 10 a.m.

NEW YORK, BREMEN

Rhein, Tues., April 11, 9 a.m.
Neckar, Thursday, April 13, 8 a.m.
Barbarossa, Thursday, April 25, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR

NAPLES, GENOA
Hohenzollern, Sat., April 13, 11 a.m.
Aler, Sat., April 27, noon.
Werra, Sat., April 27, 11 a.m.
Trave, Sat., May 11, 11 a.m.
Hohenzollern, Sat., May 18, 4 p.m.

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A Pan-American Guide.

The New York Central Railroad's "Four-track Series" has been enriched by a new issue, No. 15 of the series. This is devoted in part to a description of the Pan-American Express, the new train which leaves New York every day in the year at 8 p.m., arriving at Buffalo at 7:30 o'clock the next morning. The folder is profusely illustrated with views of the Pan-American Express, and contains a map of the United States and Canada. On this map a circle five hundred miles in diameter has been drawn, with Bu as the central point. A foot-note states that "within a radius of five hundred miles of Buffalo will be found more than one-half of the population of the United States and more than three-fourths of the population of Canada."

A copy of No. 15 of the New York Central's "Four-track Series" will be sent free, postpaid, to any address in the world on receipt of a postage stamp of any country on the globe, by George H. Daniels, general passenger agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Anecdotal.

Here is the latest story of Judge Henry E. Howland, one of the most popular after-dinner speakers of New York: "There was a little boy who was badly puzzled over the theory of evolution. He went to his mother and asked: 'Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?' 'I don't know,' she answered: 'I never met any of your father's people.'"

Lord Nelson once sent his coxswain with a note to Lady Hamilton, with orders to wait for a reply. When her ladyship had read it, she said to the sailor: "I suppose I'll have to give Nelson's coxswain a drink; what shall it be—a pint of beer, a glass of grog or a drop of punch?" "Bless yer ladyship," said Jack, "it ain't a bit particular; I'll take the beer now, and can be drinking the grog while your ladyship's mixing the punch for me."

Herbert A. Giles gives the following example of Chinese humor in his History of Chinese Literature: "A man who had been condemned to wear a wooden collar was seen by some of his friends. 'What have you been doing?' they asked him, 'to deserve this?' 'Oh, nothing,' he replied; 'I only picked up an old piece of rope.' 'And you are to be punished thus severely?' they said, 'for merely picking up an end of rope?' 'Well,' answered the man, 'the fact is that there was a bullock tied to the other end!'

Harry Furniss of "Punch" was lecturing before the Highgate (Eng.) Literary Institute the other night on Peace With Humor. He told his audience that in Canada he had found plenty of peace but not much humor, and proceeded to relate the following: "Two young Canadians were going north, and the minister addressing them said, 'Young men, you are in the midst of life you are in—Canada.' An old

man, who had been condemned to wear a wooden collar was seen by some of his friends. 'What have you been doing?' they asked him, 'to deserve this?' 'Oh, nothing,' he replied; 'I only picked up an old piece of rope.' 'And you are to be punished thus severely?' they said, 'for merely picking up an end of rope?' 'Well,' answered the man, 'the fact is that there was a bullock tied to the other end!'

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John N. Spencer, 11 Coolmine avenue, Toronto, writes: "One month's treatment with Japanese Catarrh Cure has completely cured me of Catarrh of the Nose and Throat and restored my hearing. Previous to using this remedy I consulted with specialists in Toronto and Winnipeg (while there about three years ago), but I found Japanese Catarrh Cure the only remedy which really improved my hearing. It is now almost as acute as any person's could be, while before I could not converse with any person at any distance and could not use the telephone. I am pleased to recommend Japanese Catarrh Cure, and have every reason to believe my cure is permanent, as it is now over a year since I used the remedy."

Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only practical and permanent cure for Ca-

woman remarked, "I have three children. Two are living and one is in Canada." Mr. Furniss thought these stories "provokingly funny." We Canadians may not have much humor; it is absolutely certain that we should never be able to laugh at some of Mr. Furniss's "best stories."

At Durango, Colorado, last week the good women of the Methodist Church contributed a supply of all kinds of good things, and proceeded with the same to the home of their pastor, Rev. C. E. Webb, to find that a bright baby boy had just preceded them to the parsonage. The women concluded to stay and take supper with Mr. Webb, and therefore transferred the eatables from their baskets to the dining table, and then informed the parson that supper was ready, wondering as they did so in returning thanks he would remember their gifts. When all were seated at the table the good man bowed his head and thus approached the throne of grace. "O Lord, we thank Thee for this timely succor," and the women are still in doubt as to what he meant.

Sir Nicholas Bacon, the legal luminary and redoubtable wit, was once about to pass judgment upon an Irishman who had been convicted of highway robbery, which was at the time punishable by death. At first the prisoner tried to prove an alibi, but as convincing evidence was brought to show that his statement was false, he used other stratagems to gain a pardon. He surprised Sir Nicholas by affirming that he was a very near relation of the judge's, and on this ground pleaded for mercy. The judge asked in what way he was related. "My lord," said the accused, "your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and bacon and hog have always been considered akin—so we are relations." "This is quite correct," answered the judge, "but as hog is not bacon until it is hung, then until you are hanged you are no relation of mine."

One of the most ludicrous mistakes made by the telegraph was caused by the loss of a single dot in a telegram from Brisbane to a London news agency. As it reached London it read: "Governor-General twins first son," which the news agency "edited" and sent around to the papers in the following form: "Lady Kennedy, the wife of Sir Arthur Kennedy, Governor-General of Queensland, yesterday gave birth at Government House, Brisbane, to twins, the first born being a son." The telegram was published by most of the newspapers in London and the provinces, and caused an unexpected sensation. Sir Arthur's friends pointed out with conclusive force that someone had blundered, as there never was a Lady Kennedy, Sir Arthur being a bachelor. The repeat message, which followed, read: "Governor-General turns first son," referring to a railway ceremony.

Concerning Dickens's books, Ambassador Choate reminded an English audience lately that as they came out they were eagerly devoured in America. Dominey and Son came out in numbers long before the laying of the first Atlantic cable, and several numbers went over in fortnightly steamers, the most frequent communication of that day. In an early part of the story little Paul was brought to the verge of the grave, the last number to hand leaving him hovering between life and death, and all America was anxious to know his fate. When the next steamer arrived bringing decisive news the dock was crowded with people. The passengers imagined some great national or international event had happened. But it was only the eager reading public who had hurried down to meet the steamer and get the first news as to whether little Paul was alive or dead.

Women ever since the first "rubber" on record, Lot's poor, foolish wife, have been too much given to looking backward. Every woman has a past, which, so soon as she begins to lose her hold of life's best things, looms up enticingly, and she stirs dead embers, and pokes white ashes, and weeps that no man, pathetically through with "la joie de vivre," and no less pathetically unwilling to admit it, is to me a most interesting, piquant and appealing person. Put Quex on his mettle and he'll come out a trump.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



THOSE delightful song artists, Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, reappeared in Toronto in a vocal recital on Thursday evening the 11th, after a prolonged absence of ten years. Their coming took the musical public unprepared, and consequently the audience looked very thin in the spacious auditorium of the Massey Hall. The programme, which was not only interesting but instructive, embraced compositions of a wide range, Paisiello, Lully and Cimarosa being placed at one end and Villiers Stanford, Massenet, Henschel, Loewe and Boieldieu at the other. The talented couple charmed by the just and sympathetic interpretation of the varied styles of music they give rather than by any rare or phenomenal qualities of voice. Everything they do is beautifully finished and phrased, and oratorically declaimed or emphasized with exceptional fidelity to the intent of the words. Mr. Henschel's rendering of Handel's aria, "Revenge Timotheus Cries," was a fine exemplification of robust, significant and florid singing. Loewe's Erlking was another notable number of his, conspicuous for its dramatic and yet unaffected intensity. Mrs. Henschel sang charmingly numbers by Mendelssohn, Weber, Massenet, Henschel, in addition to old English and old French songs, and a beautiful Irish lyric by Foote. The Stanford number was a duet from the music to Tennyson's "Becket," which specially pleased the audience, who encored it enthusiastically. In the rollicking buffo old Italian numbers Mr. Henschel was particularly happy. Had the concert not been sprung suddenly on the public there would in all probability have been a satisfactory attendance.

Some of the London musical journals are regretting what they call the decadence of choral music in England, and especially in London. The orchestra, they say, seems to be taking the place of the famous choral societies of which the English were in past days so proud. According to Mr. Runciman and other "up-to-date" critics, however, the supposed backward state of music in England has been owing to the craze for choral music, which had obtained since the days of Handel, and Mr. Runciman himself has alleged that the remedy is to pay more attention to instrumental music. This decapitation of choral music, if a fact, is therefore something, according to these advanced critics, upon which the English should congratulate themselves, seeing that the chorus is being replaced by the orchestra.

Our talented young piano virtuoso, Mr. Frank S. Welsman, has been meeting with much success and appreciation at the Capital. Last week he gave a recital in association with Miss Emily Gerhard-Heintzman, and the local papers are quite enthusiastic over his playing. The Ottawa "Evening Journal" says: "Mr. Welsman has played here before, and the impression he produced has not faded; but his playing last night showed a great advance. He is no longer the brilliant pupil, but the independent virtuoso, with a style of his own quite distinct from those of the various other pupils of Krause whom we have among us. Mr. Welsman has an abundant execution, of course; that goes without saying in a concert pianist of the present day. His most distinguishing characteristic is clearness, every note telling in the most intricate and rapid passages; and this clearness is not the result of academic coldness, nor of unambitious plodding. He has both power and animation in plenty; his clearness is partly due to a sparing use of the pedal, partly to an instinct which thorough-going practice has taught him for playing difficult passages with more firmness and grip than easy ones. The Chopin Scherzo, op. 20, was very finely conceived, laid out with a rare sense of proportion and executed with quite remarkable clearness and brilliancy. He also played Tausig's arrangement of Schubert's four-hand march in D with astonishing brilliancy. In fact, he was thoroughly roused, and made light of the difficulties of Kulak's "Octave Study" and Liszt's 12th Rhapsody." The "Daily Free Press" is equally appreciative.

The veteran singing master, Senor Manuel Garcia, now in his 87th year, has had a remarkable career. The London "Atheneum" remarks that he is a link with a very remote past. He went to the United States with his father in order to appear on the stage in 1825, one year after Beethoven had produced his Choral Symphony at Vienna. He is now living in London, and is reported to be still well and robust. There are few instances of musicians reaching so ripe an age. Giacomo Ceretto, the famous cellist of the eighteenth century, was over a hundred at the time of his death. Johann Adam Reincken officiated as organist at Hamburg until he was ninety-seven, in which year Bach heard him improvise; he died in 1722, aged ninety-nine years and seven months. Gosses, one of Haydn's chief predecessors in the field of symphony, died in Paris in 1829, in his ninety-sixth year. Herr Gottfried Preyer, born the same year as Mendelssohn (1809), is still officiating as court organist in Vienna.

The Catholic Truth Society (St. Mary's Branch) gave a very enjoyable entertainment on Tuesday evening last in St. Andrew's Hall, consisting of a lecture by the Canadian author and critic, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, and a concert. The numbers contributed were two piano solos by Miss May Keating, who, though quite a young girl, gave a very good account of herself. Her performance showed careful training and a great deal of natural ability. Miss Leda Russell, a very promising young soprano, sang "Greeting," by Hawley, very sweetly, and was well received. Miss M. Wilson sang "Angus Macdonald" with a dramatic expression which promises much for the future. Miss Madge Kennedy sang "Happy Days," with 'cello obligato by Mr. J. Jarvis.

Kennedy; the latter also contributed a cello solo, and was obliged to respond to an encore. Miss Ella Rogers won golden opinions for herself in her happy rendering of Uncle Eben's Barn. Mr. James Fiddes, who has an attractive tenor voice, sang the "Holy City" and was enthusiastically received. Mr. W. Kennedy gave a careful rendering of "The Mighty Deep," and exhibited a good voice and style.

Mrs. John Lillie, pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight, made quite an impression at Ottawa on Easter Sunday with her singing of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Lord Is Risen." The following is an extract from the "Citizen" of Ottawa: "Mrs. John Lillie of Toronto, who sang so acceptably at the Easter services in Grace Church last Sunday, has, by special request of a large number of the parishioners, consented to sing again during the offertory next Sunday morning, when she will render O Lord, "Correct Me, by Handel."

Apart from the social function which is the principal reason for the meetings of the Clef Club, there was on Monday last, at the ladies' night at McCrory's, a feature in a delightful bit of musical pleasure in the shape of Haydn's Toy Symphony, in which the various toy instruments were sedately and conscientiously played by leading members of the profession. The event aroused a good deal of interest, and more than one hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. Those who took part in the symphony were Messrs. Torrington, Edward Fisher, A. S. Vogt, J. H. Umfrey Anger, Rechab Tandy, J. M. Sherlock, A. Andersen, E. J. Hardy, W. J. McNally, T. A. Blakeley, W. E. Fairclough, J. W. F. Harrison, A. T. Cringan and E. Woycke. A choice little programme of serious music was subsequently given, which included Brahms' Scherzo in E flat minor, played by Miss Katharine Birnie; Gade's Novelloletta Trio, for piano, violin and 'cello, by Mrs. Adamson, Mr. Paul Hahn and Mr. Welsman, and the songs "Autumn and Spring" and "Come Into the Garden, Maud," sung respectively by Miss Doris McMurry and Mr. Tandy. The conductor was Dr. Albert Ham, the president of the club. The guests passed a very enjoyable and profitable evening.

The Canadian Piano and Organ Manufacturers' Association are, it seems, desirous of reducing the evils of the commission system. The committee of the organization have sent out circulars to all the important dealers and manufacturers in Canada, with the object of getting their views in the matter. It is contended that a vast proportion of the money paid for commission is not fairly earned. It is suggested among other things that no commission be paid unless the sale is made within six months after the "prospect" is made; that commission should be paid only in proportion to the cash received, or in full fifteen days after the sale is closed; and that when a sale is reversed and the dealer has to take back an instrument the commission should be charged back. No doubt the commission system is much abused, but it is not likely that it will be abolished. People who introduce customers to a firm will always expect some consideration for their recommendation. When buyers depend upon their own judgment and go direct to a dealer without the intervention of a third party, the commission business will come to an end. Moreover, the customer in that case will be able to obtain a more generous discount for cash than is possible under the commission system.

Miss Lyla Middleton of Toronto Junction, who is a pupil of Edouard Barton of this city, made a successful appearance at a concert in Kilburn Hall on Monday, March 18, under the auspices of St. Cecilia's Church. Miss Middleton made a very favorable impression, especially in her singing of Horrocks' "Bird and the Rose," and was heartily applauded. Miss Coral Abbey, another promising pupil of Mr. Barton's at the College of Music, sang at Bradford on Easter Sunday, and made quite a hit by her rendering of "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," from the Messiah. Miss Abbey will sing at an organ recital to be given at the College of Music on the 23rd. Mr. Kennedy, a basso pupil of the same teacher, made his first appearance in a recital at the College of Music on the 16th. He possesses a strong voice of good quality and range, and pleased his hearers greatly.

A very successful concert was given in St. George's Hall on Monday evening by St. Michael's L. and A.A. M. L. V. McBrady presiding. A choice programme of vocal and instrumental music was effectively rendered by Messrs. Harris, C. Halle, Oliver Murphy, Corney Meehan, W. Henry and Mrs. E. McEvoy, L. Crow, M. Bonney, O'Connor, A. McCarron and Mrs. J. Bonner. Assistance was given by Messrs. F. Napolitano and Foote.

The aged solo violoncellist, Alfredo Platti, one of the leading members of the Monday Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall, London, for several decades, is reported to be seriously ill.

Scotland is showing a remarkable predilection for Wagner's music. At the recent engagement of the Moody-Manners Opera Company in Edinburgh four out of seven performances were devoted to the works of the Bayreuth master. Tristan and Isolde, produced for the first time in Edinburgh, drew the biggest audience of the week.

The plan of the Tripp-Heintzman recital opened on Wednesday last at thewarerooms of Messrs. Gourlay, Wimber & Leeming, 188 Yonge street. Miss Heintzman and Mr. Tripp will be assisted by Miss Winlow, whose work as a violoncellist has been warmly spoken of wherever she has so far appeared. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will render several numbers by Scarlatti, Bach, Chopin, Rubinsteins, Schumann and Liszt. In the Hungarian Fantasy by Liszt the

orchestral parts will be played upon a second piano by Miss Emma Zoellner. Such a range of work by an artist so highly appreciated as Mr. Tripp would of itself almost form enough of interest for one recital, but in addition the public will have the opportunity of hearing Miss Emily Heintzman, whose voice has made so striking an impression at all the musical centers where she has recently appeared. The Association Hall should be packed on the date of the concert, Tuesday, April 23.

Dr. Villiers Stanford's new opera, "Much Ado About Nothing," which will be shortly produced at Covent Garden, London, is said to be simple in style, more particularly in regard to its chorals. The first act opens with "Sigh No More, Ladies," sung by tenors and basses in simple harmonies and unisons. There is a Morris dance about the middle of the act, to which the full chorus add their voices, while the act ends much as it began, with the burden of the song which Shakespeare set upon Balthazar's lips. In the second act the principals have the stage to themselves; and in the church scene of the third act only the tenors and basses are heard in a few plain ecclesiastical phrases. In the last act the sopranos and alto support Beatrice in certain brief passages referring to the supposed death of Hero; while the full chorus ends the opera by once more singing their "Hey! Nonny, Nonny."

It is said that \$100,000 has been spent upon the recent improvements at Covent Garden Theater. The antiquated machinery has all been swept away and replaced by the most modern stage appliances and apparatus. It will now be possible to produce such elaborate operas as the Rheingold and Die Walküre with something like appropriate and picturesque effects.

I am requested to state that applications for admission to the Mendelssohn Choir for the coming season will now be received by the chairman of the Chorus Committee, Mr. B. Morton Jones, 24 King street west, telephone 601; or by the conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt. The test piece will be Mendelssohn's 11th Psalm for double choir, Novello's edition, from page 29 to the end.

The bands of the Belgian Guides and the Royal Bavarian First Foot Artillery, having been refused permission to play at the Glasgow Exhibition by the King of the Belgians and the German Emperor, the directors of the exhibition have made arrangements for the appearance of the celebrated Berliner Philharmonisches Blas-Orchester, which, it is said, ranks as the first combination of its class in Germany. It is composed of reed and brass instruments, was founded in 1894, and numbers about fifty performers. Another organization from the German capital, the Berliner Bläser corps, will visit the exhibition at a later period. The United States will be represented by Sousa's Band, who are expected in October.

Madame Helen Hopkirk of Boston gave a thoroughly legitimate and conscientious rendering of Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata at the Lanier recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening. She is a pianist of the old school—in other words, she treats the instrument with consideration and adheres closely to the text of the music she is playing. Her reading, as manifest through the medium of her technique, was singularly clear, and her tonal force was quite sufficient for the locale of the recital. Miss Greta Masson sang with much feeling Lanier's "Ballad of Trees," and the Master, as set to music by Francis Urban. The tone quality of the voice was most appropriately gauged to the characteristic feeling of the song. An address on the poet was given by the Rev. Armstrong Black. Miss Maud Masson, Mrs. Lanier, the widow of the poet, and Mrs. Inez Nicholson Cutter contributed readings. The audience was large and fashionable.

A most interesting demonstration of work done in the kindergarten and primary departments of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was given in Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening, April 11, before a cultured and appreciative audience. The smaller children gave tests in reading, time and scale work, and the more advanced pupils gave an interesting exhibition of transposing at sight, scale-playing and writing, and a knowledge of intervals and chords which would have been expected only from students who had taken a course in harmony. Practical results of a course in this method were shown by pupils from eight to eleven years of age, who played a programme of classical and modern compositions for piano by Bach, Mendelssohn, Lange and other composers. A second demonstration will be given on Thursday evening, April 25, for which invitations may be had at the Conservatory office.

Mrs. Ethel Eadicott, a very promising young singer from Pilot Mound, Man., who studied for two years with Mr. E. W. Schuch, has received a very handsome appointment as soprano soloist at Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg.

The programme to be given by Mr. William C. Carl at his organ recital in the Conservatory Music Hall next Monday evening, includes many new and interesting compositions. The New York "Tribune" says: "Mr. Carl's programme are notably interesting."

There was a large audience present at the Conservatory of Music on Friday evening of last week to enjoy the piano recital given by pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher. The programme was a well-chosen one, and embraced the following numbers, which were played with admirable technique and a refined musical conception: Rachmaninoff's Prelude, C sharp minor, op. 3; Miss Florence Hamilton; Brassin's Nocturne, G flat, op. 17; Miss Gertrude Carlyle; Schumann's Arabesque, op. 18; Miss Jessie M. Ducker; Gottschalk's Rioradati and Chopin's Valse, op. 70, No. 1; Miss Rena McCullough; Henselt's "If

Music is a Bird," Schuman's Nocturne, F major, and Chopin's Study, G flat. Miss Elsie Kitchen; Beethoven's Sonata, op. 53 (first movement); Miss Maude McLean; Beethoven's Sonata, C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 3; Miss Madeline Schiff; Moszkowski's Valse in E major, op. 34, No. 1; Miss Ada M. Briggs; Macdowell's To a Wild Rose, and Sinding's Marche Grotesque, op. 32; Miss Mabel O'Brien, A.T.C.M. The vocalists assisting were Miss Elsie Blake, pupil of Miss Denzil, Misses Marie Wheeler and Clara Carey, pupils of Mrs. Wyman; Mr. Fred Alderson, violin pupil of Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, contributed an interesting solo number, Legende, by Wieniawski, and in the capacity of accompanist Mr. Donald Herald rendered good service.

"I Were a Bird," Schuman's Nocturne, F major, and Chopin's Study, G flat. Miss Elsie Kitchen; Beethoven's Sonata, op. 53 (first movement); Miss Maude McLean; Beethoven's Sonata, C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 3; Miss Madeline Schiff; Moszkowski's Valse in E major, op. 34, No. 1; Miss Ada M. Briggs; Macdowell's To a Wild Rose, and Sinding's Marche Grotesque, op. 32; Miss Mabel O'Brien, A.T.C.M. The vocalists assisting were Miss Elsie Blake, pupil of Miss Denzil, Misses Marie Wheeler and Clara Carey, pupils of Mrs. Wyman; Mr. Fred Alderson, violin pupil of Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, contributed an interesting solo number, Legende, by Wieniawski, and in the capacity of accompanist Mr. Donald Herald rendered good service.

Miss Lillian B. Stickle, a talented pupil of Mrs. A. B. Jury, sailed for England on Wednesday, April 17, to continue her vocal studies with Mr. Shakespeare of London, England.

The London "Musical Times" reproduces a photograph of the humble abode in which the late Sir Arthur Sullivan was born. The tenement is a small one, and was known as 8 Bolwell terrace, Lambeth. The terrace has since been merged into Bolwell street, Lambeth. The terrace has a little thoroughfare which runs out of Lambeth walk. The number of the house is, however, still retained. The neighborhood is a poor and over-crowded one. The house in May, 1842, was rated to Thomas Sullivan, the composer's father.

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The novelty of Easter style has worn off, and "My Dame Fashionable" is bent on "smarter" things to wear at this dreariest social function.

We will contribute generously to the elegance in dress idea from special shipper's list. We will be glad to have you wear hats, arriving to-day from New York and other fashion centers. Prices—

\$3.50 to \$8.00

84 YONGE ST.

Social and Personal.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Radcliffe, daughter of Mr. William Radcliffe, Linden street, to Mr. Fred H. Scream of London, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight, Miss Maud Dwight and Miss Mabel Hellwell are away at Atlantic City and Washington.

Mrs. Jean Blewett leaves to-day for a fortnight's visit at her old home in Blenheim.

Mrs. Harry Corby and Miss Corby, Belleville, are at the Rossin.

The engagement is announced in Montreal of Miss Ogilvie, daughter of Mrs. John Ogilvie of Stanley street, to Mr. Percy Rae.

The fact that Master Frank Clegg is to sing Sullivan's "Lost Chord" at the production of "The Gondoliers" at the Grand Opera House next week will be appreciated by those who are acquainted with the ability of this clever boy soprano. The solo will be introduced between the acts, following the innovation that was made at the revival of "Pinafore" in New York recently, when Mlle. Zelle de Lussan appeared and sang this favorite composition of the great master of comic opera.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated in St. Basil's Church at 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning, when Miss Mary Hanrahan, daughter of Mr. John Hanrahan, was married to Mr. William B. Kernahan. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Brennan. The church was beautifully decorated with sweet spring flowers and graceful palms, while the wedding marches were played with great effect by Mr. Moore, organist of St. Basil's Church. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome white silk gown in train, with trimmings of pearl passementerie and chiffon, veil and orange blossoms, fastened with a pearl crescent, the groom's gift. She carried a bouquet of bride roses and maid-in-hair fern. Miss Josie Kernahan, the bridegroom's sister, who was bridesmaid, wore white silk organdie, with trimmings of lace and insertions, the corsage softened with lace and chiffon, and a stylish picture hat of fancy straw, trimmed with chiffon and pink roses. She carried a bouquet of cream roses. Mr. Charlie Hanrahan, brother of the bride, was best man. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the residence of Mr. Hanrahan. The tables were prettily decorated with pink and white roses in centers of soft green tulip over white. Mr. and Mrs. Kernahan left immediately afterwards for New York and other Eastern cities. The guests were: Mrs. Kernahan, in black silk organdie, over black silk and jet bonnet touched with mauve; Miss Elsie Hanrahan, dove-colored crepe de chine frock, the bodice trimmed with white and touched with primrose velvet, a turban of silver and black mohair and primroses; Mrs. P. J. Nealon, black crepe de chine, with lace collar and jet bonnet; Mrs. James Nealon, a black silk gown, trimmed with white, and white toque; Mrs. T. M. Gibson, a dress of golden brown broadcloth, appliqued with ecru, and a hat of brown and cream to correspond; Miss Sara Kane, a tailor-made gown of Oxford gray, and hat to match; Miss Annie Hanrahan, a pink and white organdie, with trimmings of black velvet, a white chip hat, trimmed with pink satin ribbon and black velvet; Miss Alice Hayes (St. Catharines), a pink and white silk, with a smart hat in white, trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Gallagher (Newmarket), a black silk gown and bonnet of jet.

His Excellency the Governor-General, on his visit to the Horse Show next week, will be accompanied by the Countess of Minto, Major-General O'Grady-Haly will also attend. Among prominent people who are coming from Montreal are Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Clouston, Mr. and Mrs. Montague Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allan, Miss Hall, Mr. Fred Beardmore and Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Meredith, who are bringing large parties. Colonel Kitson, Mrs. Kitson and Miss Moule (Mrs. Kitson's sister), are coming from Washington, D.C., for the event, and the usual smart Hendrie party, with other always welcome Hamilton people, will be on hand as usual. A contingent from London also intend to be here for all or part of the show.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wood are going to rent their pretty residence in Pembridge street furnished during the absence of Mrs. Wood abroad. Mrs. Steers of Hazelton avenue is also going to rent her house furnished for the season. Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon have returned from California.

The Lanier recital in Conservatory Music Hall was attended by a very smart lot of people, most of the women being decolletee and the bright girls of the Conservatory wearing pretty light frocks. The stage was set with pink roses and huge ferns, and the lectern draped with a Persian tapestry glittering with mirror fragments. Dr. Armstrong Black gave an address on Lanier, and also acted as chairman. Miss Greta Masson, in a quaint frock of soft white silk, with puffed bodice and sleeves, and silver girdle, sang a couple of Lanier songs. Those who have listened to her know her charm, and confess that it is quite original and altogether artistic. Miss Masson, a real Lanier devotee, gave a little bundle of "impressions" which exalted the poet-musician most enthusiastically. Madame Hopekirk of Boston (who, like Miss Masson, wore rich ruby velvet, quaintly and artistically formed) played Beethoven's Sonata Impassionata, and a couple of other pieces. The Chopin Nocturne being a bonne bouche at parting. Mrs. Lanier, who is the gentlest, most retiring and refined Southern woman imaginable, with a soft drawl and many inflections, the true Southern voice, read some of the Lanier letters, poems, and a delightful fragment of humor found among Lanier's papers, beginning, "Our cook has discharged us," which created ripples of laughter in the audience. Among those who attended the recital

were Miss Mowat, Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat, Mr. Band, A.D.C., Lady Davies, Mrs. Clifford Sifton and Hon. R. R. Dobell, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny of Rothallion, and Miss Small, Mrs. Lefroy, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Miss Burbidge of Ottawa, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. G. W. and Mrs. Yarker, Major and Mrs. Peters, Mrs. and Mr. J. Swetman, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gowski, Mrs. and Miss Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, the Misses Carty, Mrs. Osler of Craigleath, and the Misses Osler, Mrs. Humphrey and Mr. George Sears, Miss Marshall, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Miss Jette Vickers, Mrs. and Miss Harman, Mrs. Byron Walker, Miss Denzil, Mrs. Fenton Arnton, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Mrs. FlitzGibson, Professor Mavor, Mr. Macdonell, Miss Biscoe.

Mrs. Ahearn of Buena Vista, Ottawa, will be in town next week, I fancy at the Queen's, as usual.

A Riverside, Cal., paper says: "The Episcopal Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on April 8, the contracting parties being Mr. Hubert V. Hamilton, son of Bishop Hamilton, and Miss Mabel V. Caulfield, an estimable young lady, who though only a short time a resident of the city has made many warm friends. The ceremony was performed by the father of the groom, Bishop Hamilton, assisted by Rev. M. C. Dotten, rector of the church. The bride entered the church to the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March, leaning on the arm of Mr. E. R. Skeely and attended by her maid of honor, Miss Mary Hamilton. Mr. Harrison Wright was best man. On the completion of the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of Bishop Hamilton, in Olivewood avenue, where a wedding breakfast was served, and a little later Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton left for a short bridal tour, and the congratulations and well-wishes of their friends. The decorations at the home were especially elegant and appropriate, the parlor and dining-rooms being festooned with flowers, evergreens and plants.

Probably.

She—Oh, Jack, I forgot to tell you I've got a French maid at last. Do you know any French? I don't. He—Oh, I know a few words like "cherie," "mon ange," "ma belle."

"What do those words mean?"

"Oh, she'll understand."



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Price 50c. at Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, 188 Yonge Street.

Reserved seats 75c. and \$1.00; admission 50c.

Petersen's Annual Art Sale

A clearing sale of framed pictures, photographic reproductions of celebrated paintings, will begin April 21st and continue until May 11th at Petersen's Art Rooms, 382 Yonge St., corner of Gerrard St. A discount of from 25 to 33 1/3 will be made on about 500 pictures. Lovers of Art should not fail to attend this sale as many choice subjects will be offered.

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Scores Fresh Triumphs

Just as a sample of the average press criticisms which greet the Gerhard Heintzman Pianos wherever used in public, we herewith reproduce extracts from the three principal Ottawa papers re a recent concert at the capital.

From the Citizen

The piano used was a Gerhard Heintzman Concert Grand, of truly magnificent tone and great power. It is the first concert grand of this popular make which has been heard in Ottawa, and many were the complimentary remarks heard among the audience regarding its singing quality of tone. It may be described as a triumph of Canadian piano manufacture.

From the Journal

Mr. Welsman played upon a new Concert Grand by Gerhard Heintzman—a very favorable specimen of a manufacture which is as far in advance in Canada as anywhere in the world. The instrument used last night had a quite remarkable sustaining power and great beauty of tone; and if Mr. Gerhard Heintzman can make pianos like this he need not be afraid to face any competitor at Buffalo or any other exhibition.

From the Free Press

The piano is deserving of more than passing mention, it, too, being a Canadian and an instrument which stands side by side with the best American piano of the day. This piano, a Concert Grand manufactured by the Gerhard Heintzman Co. of Toronto, is an instrument in itself, an ideal piece of workmanship—having highly polished mahogany case. Its tone is vigorous, powerful and brilliant, and it has a body, fineness, resonance and smoothness seldom met with in other pianos. It is noble, energetic and bright, and the opinion is expressed by the best critics of the city at the close of the concert last night, was that the instrument was one of the finest ever heard in Ottawa, and a credit to the Gerhard Heintzman Company and to Canada.

For unpurchased tributes the Gerhard Heintzman Piano holds the record. We carry a full line of these fine instruments, and cordially invite inspection and correspondence.

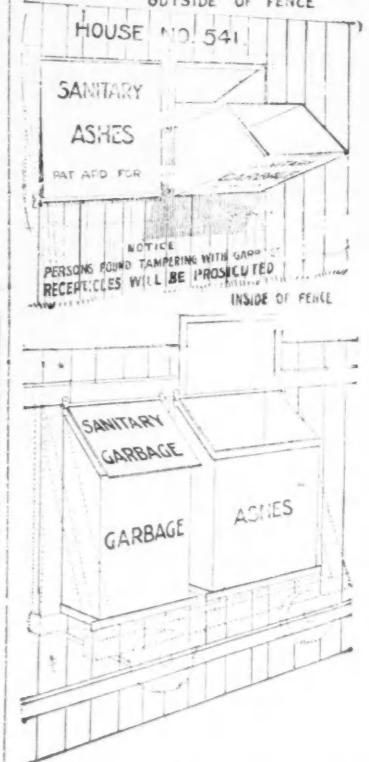
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Street Commissioner's Department, City of Toronto, 29th March, 1901.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.**Births.**

Snelgrove—April 17th, Mrs. H. J. Snelgrove, Coburg, a son.
Bowie—April 12th, Mrs. R. A. Bowie, Brockville, a daughter.
Yeats—April 10th, Mrs. T. E. B. Yeats, Toronto, a son.
Riordan—April 13th, Mrs. Carl Riordan, St. Catharines, a son.
Fairbairn—April 16th, Mrs. R. D. Fairbairn, Bradford, a son.
Gilmour—April 2nd, Mrs. D. L. Gilmour, Jr., Midland, a son.
Roberson—April 15th, Mrs. W. J. Roberson, Toronto, a son.
Allen—April 12th, Mrs. Thomas Allen, Toronto, a son.
Howard—April 26th, Mrs. Fred B. Howard, a son and daughter.
Wharin—April 10th, Mrs. W. J. Wharin, Toronto, a son.
Bond—April 14th, Mrs. C. H. Acton Bond, Toronto, a son.
Dilworth—April 13th, Mrs. Jas. Dilworth, Toronto, a son.
McKay—April 13th, Mrs. Frank G. McKay, Lefroy, Ont., a son.
Cummings—April 13th, Mrs. J. A. Cummings, Toronto, a daughter.

Marriages.

Hamilton—Caulfield—On Easter Monday, April 8th, at Riverside, California, by Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Ottawa, assisted by Reverend Dr. Dotten, rector of All Saints' Church, of the Bishop of Ottawa, or Mabel Violet, second daughter of Mr. H. J. Caulfield of Toronto. Dublin papers please copy.
Barber—Wendell—April 10th, at Cornwall, Charles Herbert Barber to Laura Ethel, daughter of the late S. H. Weagant, L.D.S.
Baird—Palmer—April 12th, at Toronto, Henry Baird to Mary Edith Palmer.
Badger—Rayner—April 11th, at Toronto, Samuel James Badger to Maggie Rayner.
Walker—Beatty—April 9th, at Etobicoke, William Walker to Helen Florence Beatty.
Johnson—Whiteside—April 10th, at Toronto, Albert Johnson to Helena Whiteside.
Kernahan—Hanrahan—April 16th, at Toronto, W. T. Kernahan to Mary Hanrahan.
McKinnon—Vogan—April 10th, at Charlton, Ont., W. H. McKinnon to Maude Vogan.
Ross—Joynton—April 11th, at Philadelphia, Mrs. J. Ross M. and Louise Joynton.
Needham—Drewitt—April 10th, at Toronto, Edgar T. Needham to Mary Ann Drewitt.
Brown—Lennox—April 10th, at Toronto, Anna Augustus Brown to Lydia Victoria Lennox.
Gamble—Jarvis—April 13th, at Toronto, H. D. Gamble to Edith Mary Jarvis.
Stull—Carley—April 11th, at Sudbury, William Walter Stull to Caroline May Carley.

Deaths.

Duff—April 11th, at Toronto, Cecilia Easton Duff, in her 5th year.
Hamilton—Leeming—April 17th, at Toronto, Susan Leeming Hamilton, in her 72nd year.
Dewar—April 13th, at Toronto, Ernest Dewar, aged 17 years.
Young—April 14th, at Toronto, Alexander McLagan Young, aged 79 years.
Armstrong—April 13th, at Ottawa, Mary Anne Geddes Armstrong, in her 8th year.
Langford—April 13th, at Rat Portage, Henry Langford, aged 34 years.
Sinclair—April 13th, at Toronto, Catherine Clegg Campbell Sinclair, in her 71st year.
Kirby—April 14th, at Goderich, William T. Kirby, formerly of Toronto.
Wanless—April 14th, at Toronto, John Wanless, 41, in his 86th year.
Newman—April 14th, at Toronto, Jane Newman, in her 34th year.

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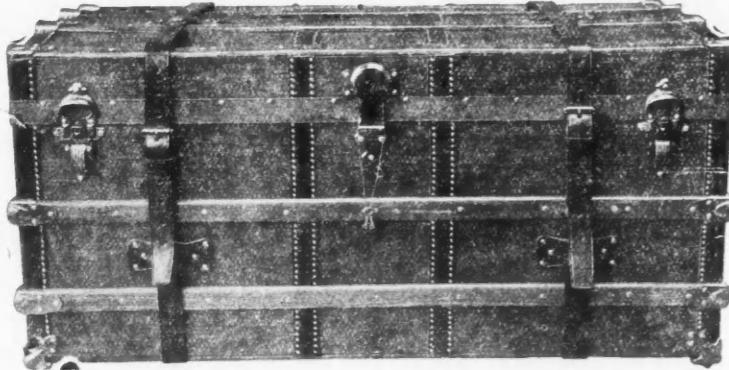
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Social and Personal.

Another young Toronto singer is to make her home debut at Association Hall next Tuesday evening. Miss Emily Heintzman has already sung in several large cities and received many flattering notices. With Mr. Tripp she gives a recital next week which has aroused much interest among music lovers.

Miss Mowat receives on Thursdays during the remainder of the season. The first reception since the national mourning was announced for this week.

Mr. Tripp, who was to have manipulated the toy drumsticks with Mr. Blakeley on the performance of the Toy Symphony last Monday, was prevented by illness from taking part.

Mrs. Sidney Lanier has been, during her stay in the city, the guest of Miss Masson, at the residence, 63 St. George Street.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin, with their son Gerald, have returned from spending the Easter holidays in New York and Boston.

A great deal of interest is being taken in the three plays so soon to be presented in the Grand Opera House by Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., and his pupils in dramatic art. In the presentation of these plays we can judge what talent we have in our own city. Mr. Shaw's production of "Richelieu" last year was masterly, and his pupils proved their ability to ably support. In "A Fool's Revenge" Mr. Shaw takes the part of Bertuccio; in "Our Regiment," the part of Guy Warner, and in "A Celebrated Case," that of John Renaud; and, judging from the rehearsals, an

artistical and versatile treat is in store for all who attend.

A charming tea was given on Friday last by the members of the M.R.R.C. in honor of one of their number who is about to be married. The club colors, violet and white, were beautifully carried out in the decorations and refreshments. Violets were in evidence everywhere and lent a dainty touch of spring.

Covers were laid for eleven, each place being marked by an artistic hand-painted card with suitable verse inscribed. The whole affair was most delightful.

Mrs. Archibald M. Huestis left last week for Atlantic City, N.J., for a stay of several days.

The Board of Management of the Creche held their annual meeting at the Creche, 18 Hayter street, on Thursday, April 18, at 3:30 p.m.

Mrs. and Miss Sims of Toronto spent the Easter holidays with friends in Berlin. While there Mrs. Sims attended the delightful "At Home" given by Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Breithaupt at their beautiful home, Sonneck.

The following Torontonians sail today from New York on the Cunarder "Campania" for Europe: Mr. J. W. Flavelle, Mr. H. S. Miner, Mr. E. Stack, Mrs. McWhirter, Mr. William Harris, Mr. J. H. Horsey, Mr. W. J. Morris, Mrs. Morris, Miss Goodenow, Miss Jackson, Mr. H. Complin, Mrs. Complin.

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